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Contents

WORD OF MOUTH
In South Africa, a villa rental concept showcasing local art; where to eat, shop, and find a window into history in Miami's oldest neighborhood; Bangkok's new riverfront barhopping mecca; and more
PAGE 19

THIS WAY TO WELLNESS
From wilderness hikes in Sweden to equine-therapy sessions in the American Southwest, these are the experiences guiding us toward holistic well-being this year
PAGE 33

THE GOLD LIST 2023
In our annual celebration of editors' favorites, we share stories from our most beloved hotels and cruises
PAGE 59

A TRAVELER'S TALE
On the private Caribbean island of Mustique, actor Priyanka Chopra Jonas revels in life's simple pleasures
PAGE 112

`A nightly gathering around the firepit at Pata Lodge Futaleufú River, in Chilean Patagonia`

PHOTOGRAPH: JESSICA NOLTE/PATA LODGE

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Contents

DESERT HIGHS
The natural wonders of northern New Mexico come into high relief in winter, one of the best times to visit
PAGE 80

BACK AT THE TABLE
Barcelona's buzz has returned, drawing locals and visitors to neighborhoods beyond the city center
PAGE 90

HOMELAND ELEGY
Tracing the origins of childhood tales—and a family's heritage—on a trip through Morocco's Anti-Atlas mountains
PAGE 98

LAND'S END
Windswept and wild, the remote landscapes of Chilean Patagonia are extraordinary and ever-changing
PAGE 106

Gold List winner Caruso, A Belmond Hotel, Amalfi Coast, looks out on the Tyrrhenian Sea

PHOTOGRAPH: CARUSO, A BELMOND HOTEL, AMALFI COAST

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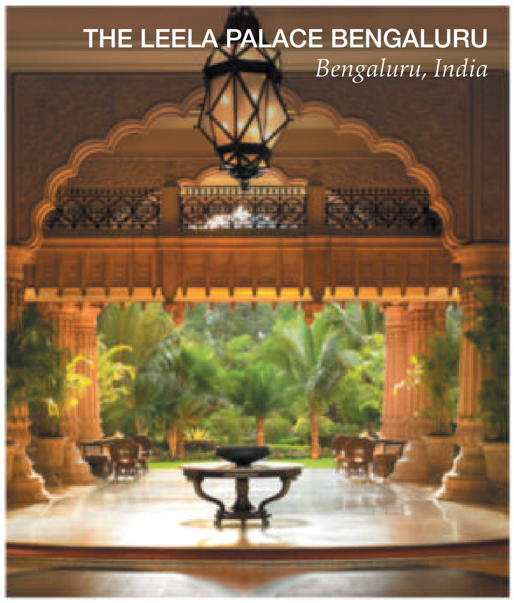

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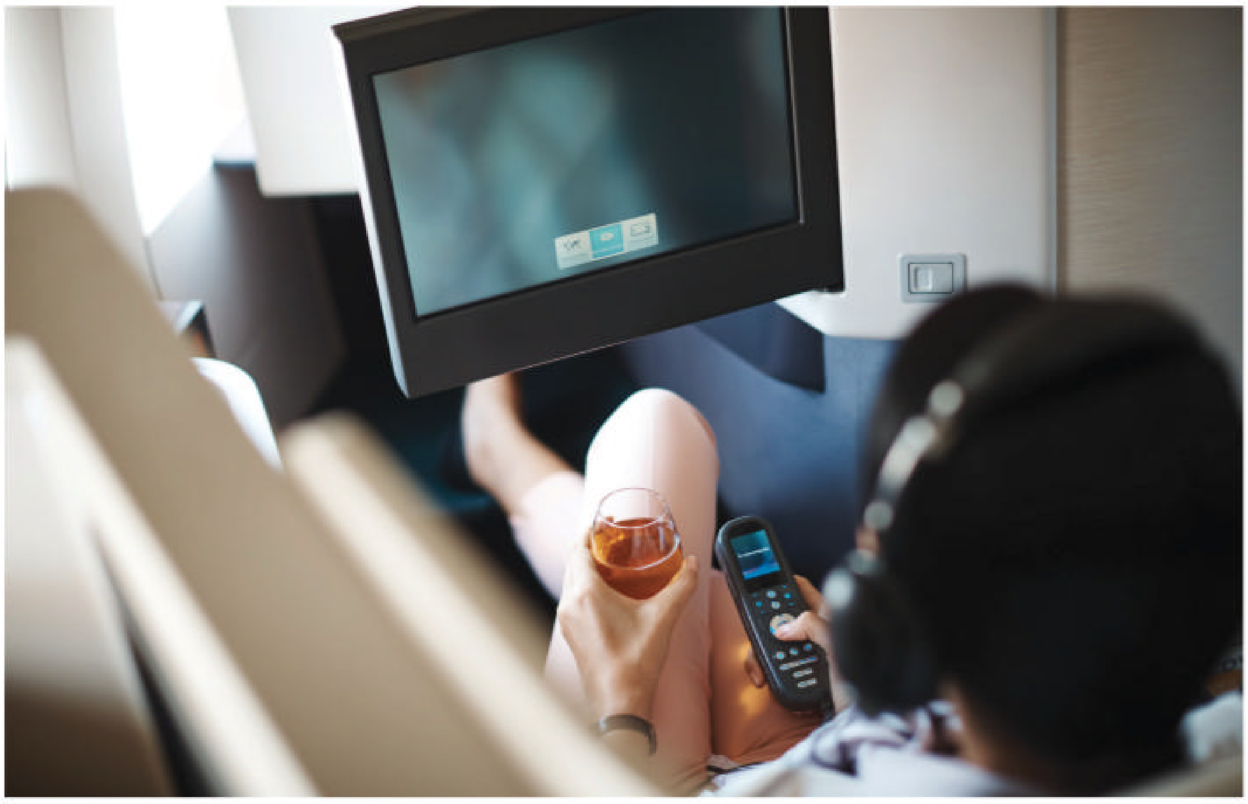

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Editor's Letter

PEOPLE ALWAYS THINK that the best part of my job is the travel. Don't get me wrong, the travel is amazing, but it's only number two. Number one is the kind, wonderful, incomparable people around the world I get to collaborate with on *Condé Nast Traveler,* and the passion they bring to work each day.

The Gold List, our annual roundup of editors' favorite hotels and cruises, is one of the many reminders I get of this throughout the course of the year. When we plan it, I love hearing editors' words tumble out a little faster as they endeavor to explain how *this* particular hotel actually changed their lives a tiny bit. I love learning from them and imagining the way these places might shape me as well. You will too. Megan Spurrell will teleport you to the cosmopolitan confines of Jardín Escondido, in Buenos Aires. Toby Skinner will show you the meaning of rough-and-tumble luxury at Deplar Farm in Iceland. Erin Florio will spur you to consider the simple pleasures of a beautifully made hot dog at The Mark, right here in our hometown of New York City.

In this issue, you'll find that the focus on the personal doesn't stop with the Gold List. Sarah Greaves-Gabbadon recounts dealing with a divorce by trekking through northern Sweden, and Kate Donnelly explains how she processed a death through encounters with horses. Saki Knafo shares a journey with his wife and young daughter to Morocco to better understand his family's story and the complicated history of Jews in that country. I thank these writers from the bottom of my heart for their wisdom and their candor. They offer me a different reminder: Everybody these days is dealing with an awful lot. It is one of the basic conditions of life on planet Earth in 2023. Never forget that travel is still one of the best forms of therapy human beings have ever invented.

JESSE ASHLOCK
DEPUTY GLOBAL EDITORIAL DIRECTOR
AND HEAD OF EDITORIAL CONTENT, U.S.

jesseashlock

ILLUSTRATION BY ANJE JAGER

On the Cover

Deplar Farm, a moss-roofed adventure resort located in northern Iceland's Fljót Valley.
Photographed by Eleven Deplar Farm

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Icy lodgings in the Swiss igloo village of Iglu-Dorf Zermatt have perfect views of the Matterhorn.
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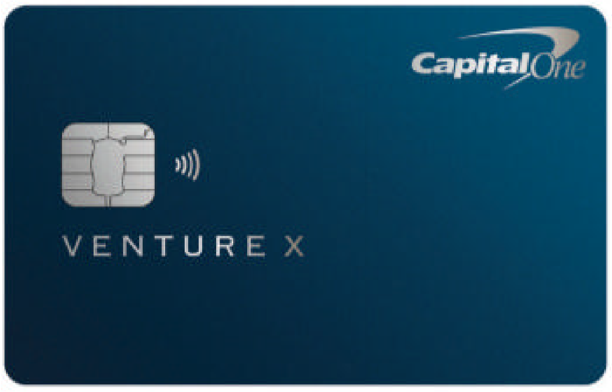

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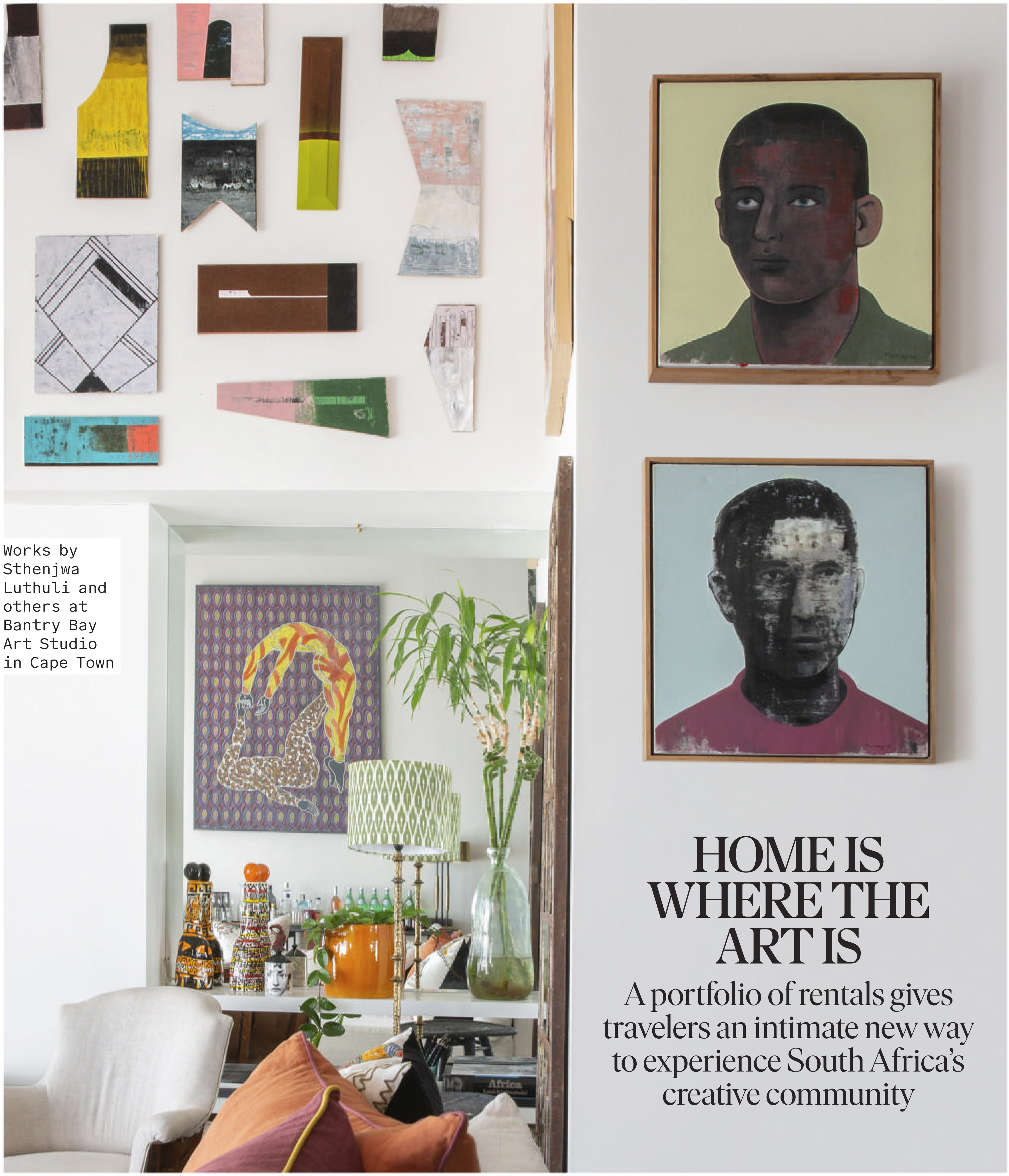
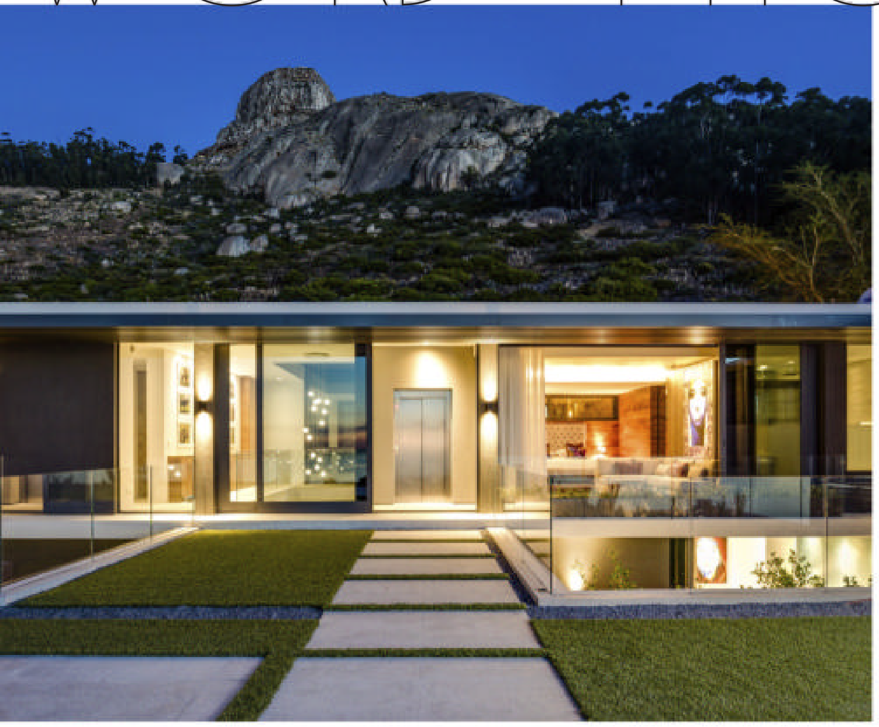


Works by Sthenjwa Luthuli and others at Bantry Bay Art Studio in Cape Town

HOME IS WHERE THE ART IS

A portfolio of rentals gives travelers an intimate new way to experience South Africa's creative community

PHOTOGRAPH: ART HOUSE COLLECTION



The conservatory of an Art House Collection house in Montagu. **Left:** Cape Town's Sea Lion villa

When Elana Brundyn stepped down as CEO of Cape Town's prestigious Norval Foundation museum and into an advisory role last year, her plan was to enjoy some R&R. But Brundyn, one of Africa's preeminent art entrepreneurs, found it hard to sit idle. So she opened her Rolodex, filled with names like Wim Botha and Cinga Samson, two of South Africa's leading contemporary artists, and embarked on a project to connect the country's creative scene with the millions of travelers who visit each year. The result is Art House Collection, an exclusive portfolio of high-end, art-focused villa rentals across South Africa. "There are so many beautiful homes that are not properly visible," Brundyn says. "We make sure we match the houses with people who will respect them. That is very important to us." There are currently 45 properties, ranging from a ceramics-filled dwelling outside Cape Town, owned by two floral designers, to a safari lodge in Madikwe with interiors by design star Andrea Kleinloog and work by sculptor Edoardo Villa and artist Lady Skollie. Even though most of the homes are vacation properties, persuading aesthetes to rent them out hasn't always been easy. "It's a process," says Brundyn, meaning that she needs to deal with each owner differently to make them feel comfortable about opening their homes to travelers. In addition to the rental, Art House Collection includes one-off art-focused experiences curated by Brundyn, thanks to her access to the community. That translates to private studio visits or a helicopter over Table Mountain. She hopes to expand Art House across the continent, including to Ghana, where she has excellent relationships with artists and collectors. *arthouse-collection.com* MARY HOLLAND

PRIDE OF PLACE

Art House Collection founder Elana Brundyn shares four African art destinations that showcase the continent's talent

Joburg Contemporary Art Foundation, South Africa
The institute, located in a striking glass-and-brick building, has an incredible collection (it has showcased artists such as Kamala Ibrahim Ishag, from Sudan, and Jane Alexander, from South Africa) with a strong focus on women. *jcaf.org.za*

Nairobi Contemporary Art Institute, Kenya
Established in 2020 by painter Michael Armitage, the nonprofit is in the process of developing a comprehensive archive of East African art and has fast become a hub for the city's creative scene, offering seminars. *ncai254.com*

Savannah Centre for Contemporary Art, Ghana
Old airplanes have been overhauled into classrooms at this artist-run space that promotes Ghanaian works. Author and installationist Ibrahim Mahama, who started the center, has placed importance on education and research. *sccatamale.org*

Singita Safari Lodges
This new gallery concept at lodges in Kruger National Park and Sabi Sands Game Reserve in South Africa works with local artists like Athi-Patra Ruga, bringing fine art to the remote bush—not unlike Donald Judd's Chinati Foundation in Marfa. *singita.com*

PHOTOGRAPHS: HAMISH NIVEN, JONKMANSHOF

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OLDIE BUT GOODIE

Miami's most historic neighborhood offers a glimpse of the city's past—and its bright present

Colorful wares on offer at The Bazaar Project, a concept shop

In the 1800s, settlers from the Bahamas docked their ships on a swampy sandbar along Biscayne Bay, just south of what is today the urban enclave of Brickell, and built up the lush, tropical homesteads that would eventually prompt residents to dub it Coconut Grove. In the 1960s, the Grove, as it came to be known, was a hippie hotbed, attracting creatives and musicians; later, families were drawn to its quiet residential streets. Today, the leafy community is attracting fresh waves of attention, thanks to the new eateries, boutique hotels, and stylish shops that have cropped up along its strollable blocks. Here's how to spend a day in Miami's most laid-back neighborhood. AYESHA KHAN

Krüs Kitchen, a restaurant, market, and wine store

GREAT OUTDOORS

Head to **Peacock Park,** named for the exotic birds that once roamed its grounds—and its first residents, Charles and Isabella Peacock. Free fitness classes and paddleboard rentals abound; on Sundays, the **Coconut Grove Foodie and Farmers Market** sets up shop in the church next door, where vendors sell artisanal goods and handicrafts.

KAFFEEKLATSCH

Miami's first specialty roaster, **Panther Coffee,** introduced third-wave coffee to the city when it opened in 2010. Order the signature vanilla cream cold brew, made with fresh vanilla beans, then pick up lunch next door at **Krüs Kitchen,** an eclectic food market and restaurant; the prosciutto-and-truffle stracciatella sandwich is a must.

BACKSTORIES

Visitors flock to the Gilded Age halls and manicured lawns of **Vizcaya Museum and Gardens,** but **The Barnacle Historic State Park** is equally compelling. The former estate of Ralph Middleton Munroe, one of the Grove's earliest residents, features his carefully preserved 1891 home, the oldest in the county, beneath an ancient tree canopy. Afterward, stop at **Miami City Hall** (Pan Am's former seaplane base) and marvel at Art Deco adornments, like the globe motif set in the terrazzo floor.

A Mesoamerican-inspired dish at Los Félix

RETAIL THERAPY

The Grove's personality shines on store shelves. Browse jewelry, apparel, and decorative objects made by local and international artists at **The Bazaar Project,** a gallery space by local design curator Yeliz Titiz Melchiorre, or load up on Pan Am memorabilia while chatting with owner Stephen Licata, an aviation buff, at **Palm Produce Resortwear.**

BARHOPPING

Since opening last fall, **Mayfair House Hotel & Garden** has made quite an impression with its Sonoran restaurant (Miami's first), **Mayfair Grill,** and rum-centric rooftop bar, **Sipsip.** Switch spirits across the street at **Botánico Gin & Cookhouse,** which has a long list of gin-forward cocktails and small bites to match.

AFTER HOURS

Located above Krüs Kitchen, **Los Félix** is a funky fine-dining Mexican eatery featuring effervescent art and regular DJ sets. After dinner, a nondescript door reveals **Bodega,** a speakeasy where snacks, drinks, and debauchery are served until 3 a.m.

PHOTOGRAPHS: THE BAZAAR PROJECT, MARY BETH KOETH, VANESSA DIAZ/LOS FÉLIX

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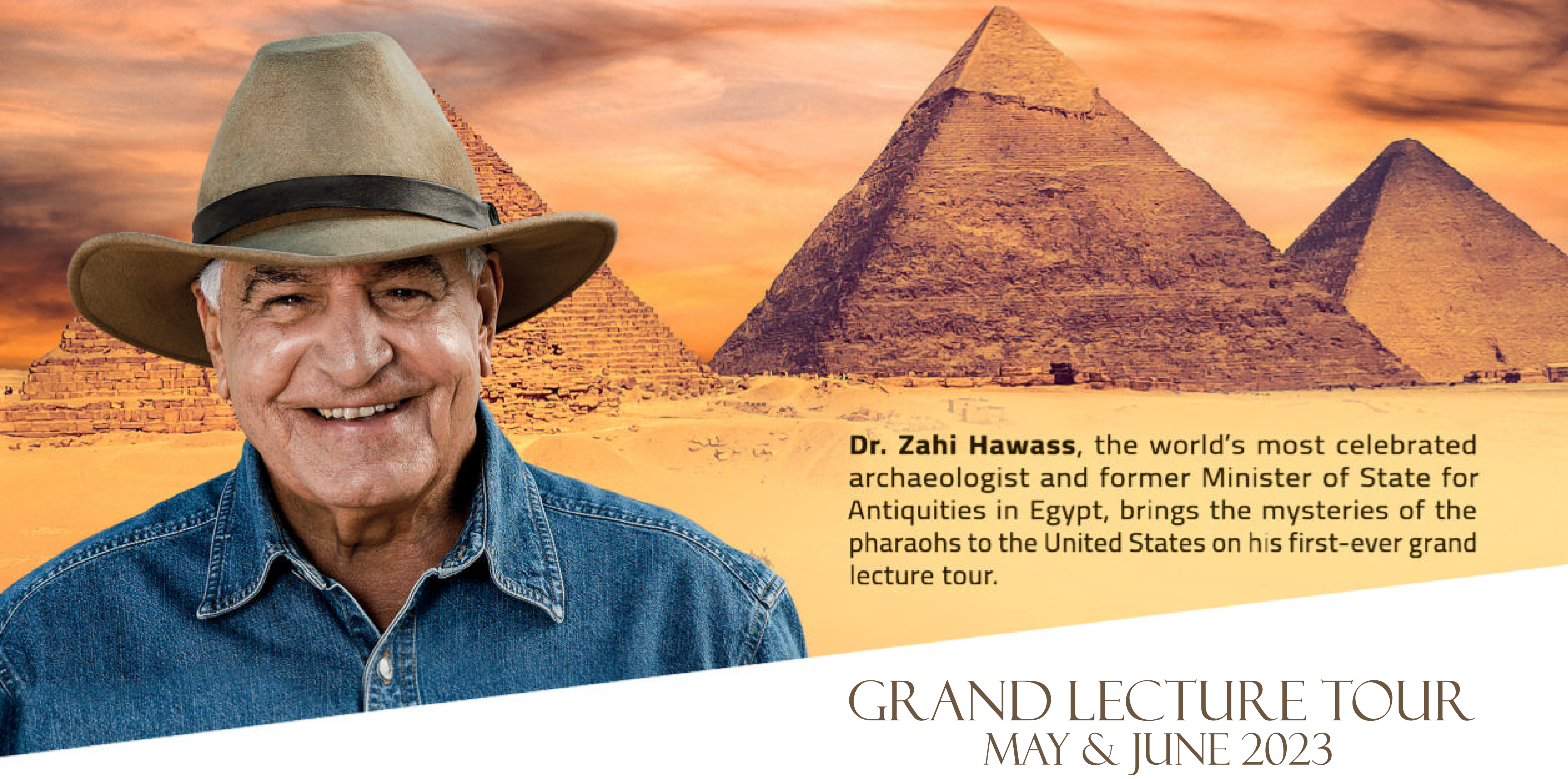

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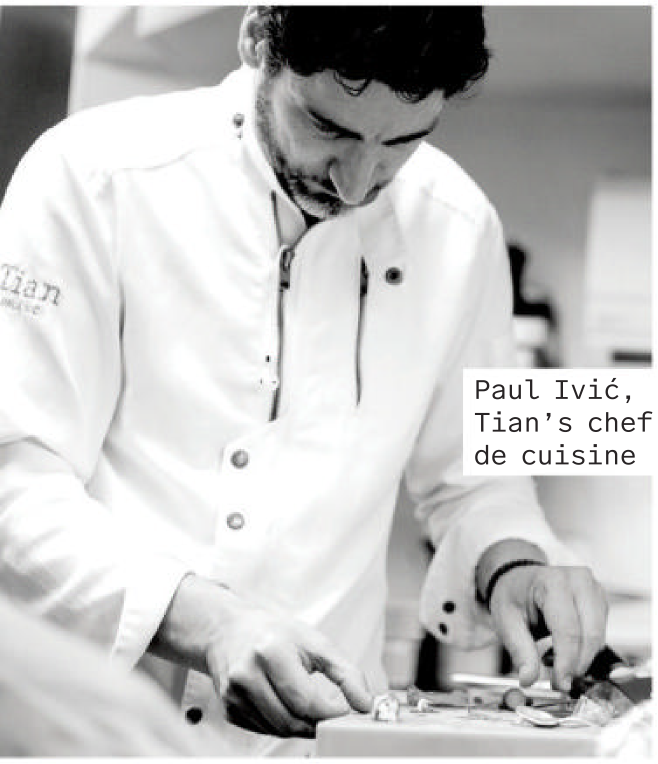

Paul Ivić, Tian's chef de cuisine

The Sharing Chef's Garden menu at Tian offers dishes chosen by the kitchen, served family-style

SPACE TO GROW

A hyperlocal approach to food production is helping Vienna become Europe's greenest city

Christina Nasr, chef and co-owner of Alma Gastrothèque

Last year, Vienna announced plans to become carbon neutral by 2040, beating the goals outlined in the Paris Agreement by 10 years. Hyperlocal food, through urban farming and sustainable agriculture, will play a major role in making it happen. Vienna has nearly 5,000 acres of fields and vineyards within its city limits, and it's adding more as the city educates and supports local growers in reducing their ecological footprints. The benefits are most visible in Vienna's restaurants, where fresh, produce-driven menus are supplanting the traditional meat-heavy dishes associated with the city.

At the bright, vegetarian Tian, a tasting-menu standout is the oven-braised local celeriac "tartlets" filled with pear, celery, and juniper, all of which were grown within 40 miles. This approach helped the restaurant earn a Michelin Green Star for sustainable gastronomy last year. Chef de cuisine Paul Ivić wants diners to view sustainability not as a trend but as a mindset. "Our eating habits affect our environment, our health, our social life," he says. "As gastronomists, it's our responsibility to make a difference."

A similar appreciation for Vienna's bounty pervades Alma, a gastrothèque and wine bar in the laid-back Wieden district. The changing menu includes carrot-almond-apricot tagine and smoked trout served with house-fermented crème fraîche, among other dishes made fresh each day. Alma's biodynamic local-wine list includes a Gemischter Satz from Fuchs-Steinklammer, a winery in southern Vienna whose grapes benefit from the area's clay-heavy soil.

Smaller producers are finding their own ways to create sustainable solutions. Pioneering urban-agriculture collective Hut & Stiel takes discarded grounds from the city's coffeehouses and mixes them with mycelium to grow oyster mushrooms, which it sells to both restaurants and consumers. At Gugumuck Wiener Schnecken Manufaktur—which translates, literally, to "Viennese snail factory"—farmer Andreas Gugumuck is building on the mollusk's long history in Austrian cuisine to promote a low-impact, high-protein alternative to meat. "We are living a circular flow," Gugumuck says, explaining how snails, vegetables, and herbs are all cultivated on the same land, then sold at markets and the company's bistro. "Working sustainably with nature has nothing to do with giving up something you like," Ivić says. "It's about changing habits to improve our environment, planet, and society." MATT ORTILE

Vienna is one of our Best Places to Go in 2023. To learn about the rest, including the Yucatán and Kenya visit, **cntraveler.com/best-places-to-go**

PHOTOGRAPHS: INGO PERTRAMER

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IN GOOD SPIRITS

After COVID closures, Bangkok's nightlife came roaring back, turning a strip along the Chao Phraya into the city's best bar crawl

The Thai government banned alcohol sales in 2020 as a way of preventing the spread of COVID-19. It lifted restrictions late in 2021, and when bars reopened shortly after, Bangkok's nightlife scene went into overdrive. Over the past year, a wave of high-end cocktail dens has opened, featuring cool urban design and discerning drinks that wouldn't be out of place in Shoreditch or on the Lower East Side—think dim lights, rare vermouths, and a cool, creative crowd who wants something more subtle than the city's blinged-out rooftop scene. All are in neighborhoods along the Chao Phraya river, giving visitors an effortless way to stay out late.

In Chinatown, **Independence Bar** is an eight-month-old bar from the owners of Teens of Thailand, which is largely credited with elevating Bangkok's cocktail scene. The walls are decorated by Thai graffiti artists, and the cocktails, like the sharp, sippable Daiquiri de Jerez, are first-rate. **Opium Bar,** a 10-minute walk away, is tucked inside the deepest part of Chinatown's old market. This drinking den is an homage to top local chef Pam Utharntharm's ancestors, who immigrated to Thailand and opened a traditional medicine store inside a tall, narrow shophouse; the bar sits one floor above her celebrated Potong restaurant, with green barstools, herbal kombuchas, and four house-made gins.

To the south, **Mahaniyom Cocktail Bar,** which opened in the funky Bang Rak neighborhood last March, strives to minimize waste. Everything from Wagyu beef fat to squid ink, mirin to fermented pineapple peel makes it into the signature drinks, served in the glow of two blazing neon tigers adorning the wall.

This wouldn't be Bangkok if there wasn't a great hotel bar in the mix. At **Stella,** inside the Capella Bangkok down the river, the cocktail menu pays homage to Asia. Order a City of Khai, inspired by Issan culture and dusted with toasted rice powder, as a nightcap. If you've planned well, bed will only be an elevator ride away. JENNY ADAMS

มหานิยม
mahaniyom

Clockwise from top: Opium Bar is on the upper floors of a 120-year-old building in Chinatown; drinking a Oaxaca Old Fashioned at Opium Bar; shrimp toast at Opium Bar; inside Mahaniyom Cocktail Bar

PHOTOGRAPHS: DOF SKYGROUND, GASTROFILM ASIA, TURQUOISE TRUCK CREATIVE, MAHANIYOM

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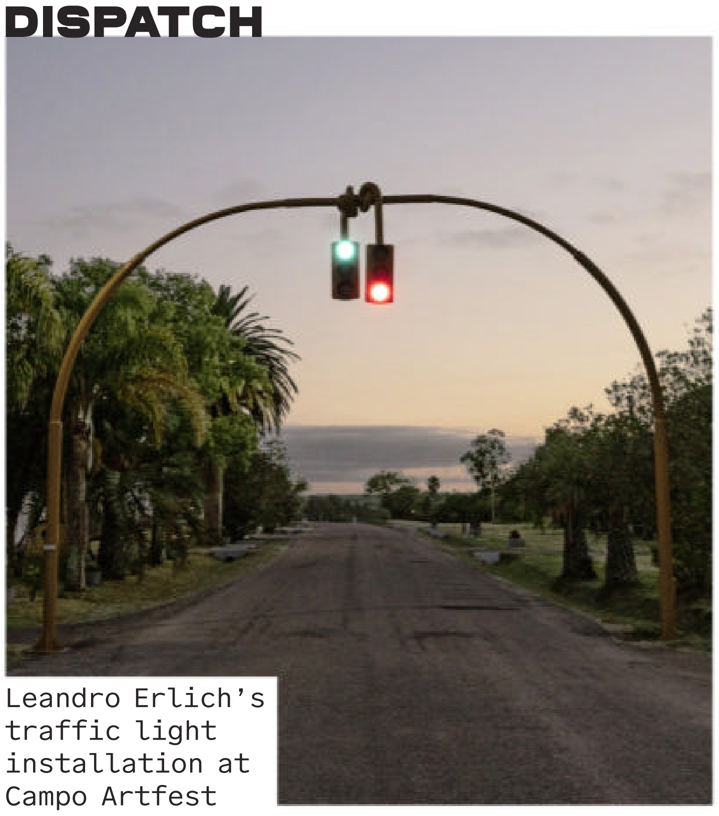
Israeli artist Gal Nissim and her installation on display at Campo Artfest



Leandro Erlich's traffic light installation at Campo Artfest

Work by Uruguayan artist Diego Santurio at Garzón Sculpture Park

PHOTOGRAPHS: NATALIA AYALA, PIERO ATCHUGARRY GALLERY, LEANDRO ERLICH/XIPPAS GALLERY

SETTING THE SCENE

Long established as a food destination, Uruguay's Garzón is making strides as a hub for international art

The last time I drove to Garzón, several miles down a bumpy gravel road flanked by grasslands, I saw a traffic light. In this Uruguayan country village of about 200 people, it felt wholly unnecessary. Then I noticed that both the red and the green lights were permanently on, and that the pole was actually a twisted arch. It turned out to be a site-specific installation by the Argentinean artist Leandro Erlich.

Much like Marfa, Texas, before it, Garzón is a middle-of-nowhere former railroad stop that is now becoming an art destination. At least some credit for the town's changing identity goes to Francis Mallmann, master of open-fire cooking. When he opened a small hotel and restaurant there, also called Garzón, in 2004, the tiny town was thrust onto the global stage. Some of his famous friends started visiting, including British art dealer Martin Summers and tailor to the stars John Pearse. Soon Belgian painter Eva Claessens bought and renovated a dilapidated turn-of-the-century house in town, and later acquired a small studio and gallery space in 2020. "There's something magical there that alters your perception of time; it's like going back 100 years," says Piero Atchugarry, a Miami-based gallerist who established Garzón Sculpture Park near the village almost a decade ago. "That kind of downshift is very good for art."

Scattered along 390 acres of forests, trails, and wetlands, this outdoor museum features massive contemporary works by the likes of Eduardo Basualdo, an important conceptual artist from Buenos Aires, and Alan Sonfist, an American pioneer of the Land Art movement. In 2019, Atchugarry opened a gallery overlooking Garzón's verdant central plaza, where you can still catch glimpses of traditional Garzón, like gauchos on horseback and cattle roundups. Last January, Atchugarry's gallery

Sarah Flint's Inspiration

How Sarah Flint built trust with Italian artisans and worked to fuse comfort with luxury.

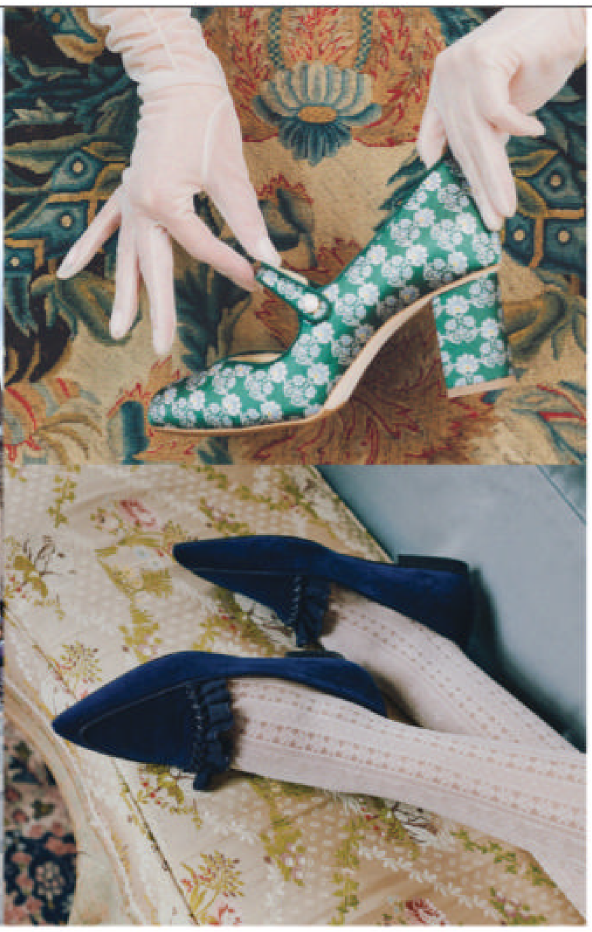
Sarah Flint couldn't find what she was looking for: an elegant shoe that married craftsmanship with comfort. So she made it herself. "Being comfortable and beautiful," she says. "Shouldn't that be the ultimate luxury?" Her beloved eponymous brand is nearly a decade old now—and it all started with her love for travel.

After college, Flint moved to Milan and attended Arsutoria, the preeminent shoe manufacturing school, where she learned the tools of the trade. This was the beginning of a long relationship with Italy, where Flint has built and nurtured relationships with some of the country's finest artisans and factories, spanning from Tuscany to Milan. Working with the world's best in Italy has its perks, and Flint and her team regularly travel to the region.

"Luckily, part of doing business in Italy is socializing," Flint says with a smile. "I always have a long lunch with factory owners when I'm there."

Flint outside her eponymous pop-up shop in Soho.

Flint outside the iconic Duomo in Milan.



The Grace Mary Jane Pump with jacquard, inspired by Viennese palaces (top); Guidel Loafer with traditional Austrian dirndl details (bottom).

As a young entrepreneur, Flint has been determined and charming in building relationships with Italian artisans, and that trust has been the bedrock of Sarah Flint and the beautiful shoes they make. These deep connections are part of the reason Flint has been so successful: she knows and understands the people she entrusts with her designs.

These days, many of the brand's collections are inspired directly by travel. This fall's collection, Visions of Vienna, was influenced by a trip Flint took to Austria's capital last fall. The result? Deep rustic suedes, inspired by the academic philosophers of Vienna and, as Flint says, "a party in the palace, Viennese opera ball" energy. The brand has previously done collections inspired by Lisbon, the south of France, and more.

Making it in the world as a young up-and-coming entrepreneur is no easy task. Flint has leaned on Goldman Sachs Private Wealth Management to help her grow her business and her personal investments. "One of the things a mentor taught me early on was: Know what you're good at, and find really smart people around you to help with the areas that are less your expertise," Flint says. "And that's been Goldman Sachs for me—since the beginning."

Flint working on designs in the Tuscan countryside.

Goldman Sachs Private Wealth Management

Sarah Flint is a current client of Goldman Sachs' Private Wealth Management (PWM). The opinions expressed are solely those of the client and no compensation was paid to her for any statements relating to Goldman Sachs PWM. This testimonial is representative only of the client and her experience with Goldman Sachs PWM, and your experience may differ. Goldman Sachs PWM does not request or advertise testimonials from all clients. Brokerage and investment advisory services offered by Goldman Sachs PWM are provided by Goldman Sachs & Co. LLC, which is an SEC registered broker-dealer and investment adviser, member FINRA/SIPC.

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WORD OF MOUTH

Brazilian artist Thiago Honório has created work in Garzón's former train station

Local children, photographed by Campo founder Heidi Lender

unveiled an exhibition by Danish artist Adam Jeppesen, who created a series of blurred, haunting portraits using algorithms. The latest art space in Garzón is Walden Naturae, an offshoot of Buenos Aires's W Galería that arrived last December. Set in a newly built 5,380-square-foot brick-and-glass warehouse, it exhibits provocative contemporary works by Latin American artists like the young Uruguayan Candela Bado, whose seemingly metallic chains made from ceramic express strength in fragility.

More recently, American photographer Heidi Lender founded the village's most ambitious cultural institution to date: Campo, a creative colony that hosts mid-career artists from around the globe as they paint, sculpt, or simply draw inspiration from the rural stillness. "I loved it here and felt a calling to create a community," says Lender, adding that she strives to help people "become more conscious" through artistic expression. Every December, as South American summer starts, Campo holds Campo Artfest, a festival showcasing the work of residents like Erlich, who now calls Garzón home. The event attracts a sophisticated, international crowd, most of whom drive in from José Ignacio, the traditional fishing village turned chic resort town less than an hour away. Sometime in the next two years, Campo plans to move into a new campus designed by Rafael Viñoly, Uruguay's most famous architect. "My hope is that Campo grows," says Lender. "But that Garzón remains the best-kept secret." PAOLA SINGER

PHOTOGRAPHS: HEIDI LENDER

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WHY WE TRAVEL

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An Ayurvedic treatment at Sitaram Beach Retreat in Kerala, India

This Way to Wellness

A shift, accelerated by the pandemic, is under way in how we think about self-care. No longer is it just about going to the spa and detoxing, though those things matter more than ever. But our definition of wellness has grown more expansive, which is why some prefer the term *well-being.* Call it what you want—it's a state that travel is uniquely equipped to help us attain

PHOTOGRAPH: ANA LUI

The Brambles, an inn set in a redwood grove in Anderson Valley

Into the Woods

In Northern California's Mendocino County, where the crashing Pacific meets old-growth forests, encounters with nature are the key to mindfulness

PHOTOGRAPH: JAKE MICHAELS

On a winter afternoon in Little River, California, I squished along a fog-kissed trail while Alison Gardner (a.k.a. Barefoot Alison), an avid mushroom hunter, regaled me with facts about the diverse flora. Ostensibly we were practicing shinrin-yoku, or forest bathing, a meditative immersion in nature devised in Japan that has proved effective at improving well-being. "It's not a brain thing," Gardner told me. "It's an experience thing."

Forest bathing typically entails a snail-slow walk in the woods, but Mendo-style mindfulness takes many forms, and in between hugging the bishop pines and running my hands over the wild ginger, I kept asking questions. I learned that you can chew turkey tail mushrooms like bubble gum, that chickweed tastes like pea shoots, and that the thing that looks like a carrot top needs to be avoided because it's hemlock, and if it killed Socrates, it can kill you too.

Gardner, true to her nickname, was taking the sojourn with mud between her calloused toes. Thinking I should go all in, I had ditched my hiking boots. Gardner had forewarned me, but apparently I had to learn for myself why soft-soled mortals shouldn't walk barefoot in a Mendocino forest. There were nettles, and they stung.

After my post-stroll hot tub, my feet began to vibrate. The sensation was like the drubbing that Sichuan peppercorns give your tongue. A self-administered foot rub calmed the buzz. But I received the needed message not to take Mother Nature for granted.

The forest bath was an offering at the SCP (short for Soul Community Planet) Mendocino Inn and Farm, a serene getaway with a herd of pet llamas and dreamy ocean vistas in the wild country three hours north of San Francisco. I had driven up through the Anderson Valley, where I stayed at The Brambles, an inn built in an off-kilter Victorian-revival style. There, a meditation trail weaves through a redwood grove where guests can receive a massage or a medical →

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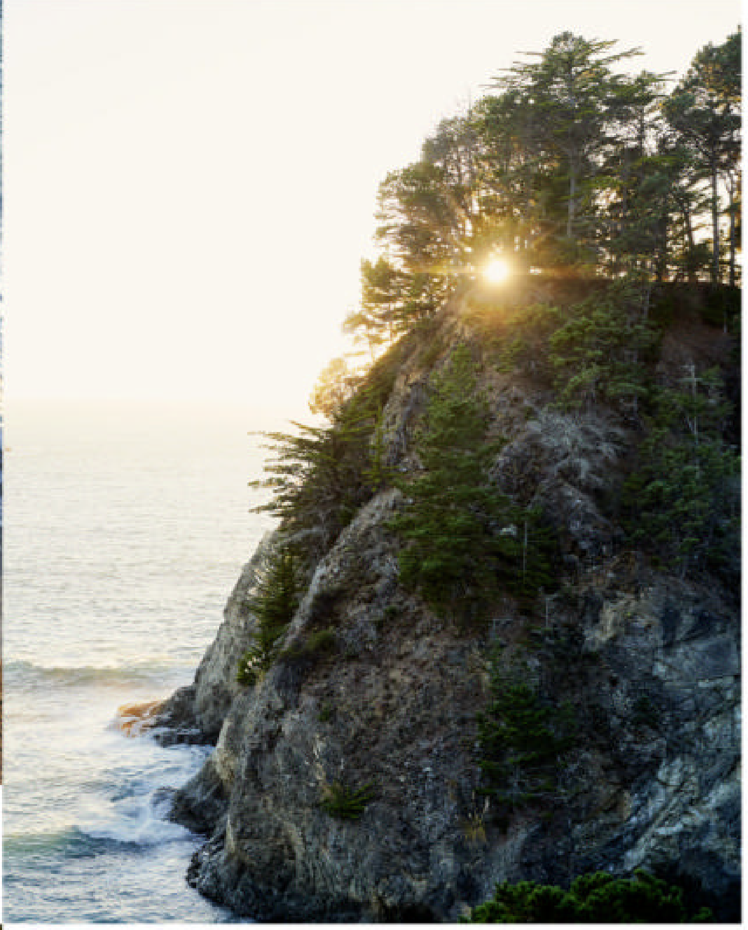

Two views of a quiet cove near the town of Elk, on the Mendocino coast

cannabis consultation. The following day, I headed for the Point Arena–Stornetta Public Lands, the only walkable portion of the California Coastal National Monument, a 1,100-mile protected habitat consisting mostly of sea rocks draped with seals. There, Margaret Lindgren of Unbeaten Path Tours & Yoga took me through the paces of the Breathwalk, designed "to bring that soul-self connection you get from yoga into our connection with nature," as she put it. "So you can operate from awareness."

A light rain fell. The coastal prairie, sloshy and verdant, was pocked with sinkholes full of wildflowers. Using a cypress as a windbreak, we warmed up with standing yoga poses. "Be an antenna. Call energy from the heavens. Call the cosmos down into your feet," Lindgren commanded. Pinwheeling my arms, I did start to feel my "radiance radiate out." Then it was off to the races. "Sa–ta–na–ma!" Tapping the mantra out on our fingers, matching it with our breath, we race-walked in intervals across the grasslands as gulls caught updrafts above us. I followed Lindgren through cooldown stretches. Finally, gently striking a singing bowl, she trained my senses, one at a time, on my surroundings. Breathing in evergreen perfume, ogling feathery moss, I felt deliciously removed from the day-to-day—but also ready for a nap.

So I headed north toward a comfy bed at Brewery Gulch Inn, an Arts and Crafts lodge above Smuggler's Cove. In the morning, I met up with Dew Drop Wellness's Delphine Davidson for a half-day retreat to calm my 21st-century nerves. A nutritional consultation, an hour of slow yoga, and a vegetarian lunch followed. Then, aiming to increase my melatonin, serotonin, and endorphins, we headed outside for a visit with the trees. "It's the most free-form part of the day," said Davidson. "Let the forest lead you." She rang a bell and let me loose. I meandered beneath grand firs. I crouched to examine mushrooms on logs. I spun in circles. I stood still. The bell rang again. Forty minutes had passed.

I kept the healthfulness going with dinner at The Stanford Inn, which claims to be "North America's only vegan resort." Yet it's not the oldest wellness retreat in Mendocino. That would be historic Vichy Springs, which has operated since 1854 and hosted a long list of high-profile guests. It sits to the east near Hopland, an Old West railroad town full of wineries and locavore eateries, where I stayed at The Thatcher Hotel, a Victorian filled with contemporary art. I soaked in mineral waters that emerged effervescent from six miles underground to dilate my capillaries and perhaps, as Vichy's website suggests, realign my magnetic field. My ancient concrete soaking tub might have had the ambience of a coffin, but if it was wellness enough for the likes of Mark Twain and Teddy Roosevelt, it was wellness enough for me.
BETSY ANDREWS

PHOTOGRAPHS: JAKE MICHAELS

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An artfully appointed cabin at Wildflower Farms, Auberge Resorts Collection, in Gardiner, New York

American Pastoral

In the Hudson Valley, new and freshly updated retreats highlight the area's innate tranquility with spas that offer immersive, nature-forward treatments

From the landscape painters of the 18th century to the hippies in the 1960s, people have long sought peace in the Hudson Valley. But within the last few years, a new wave of wellness-minded hotels and resorts has arrived on the scene, seeking to capitalize on that serene reputation.

Piaule Catskill opened in July 2021 with 24 sleek cabins set on stilts in the woods. Its Scandi-style spa, clad in fragrant cedar walls, provides an especially robust way to commune with nature: The saltwater and cold plunge pools look onto the wind-whipped surroundings, opening when the weather allows. This fall, the Colonial Dutch–inspired resort Inness, which also opened in 2021, in the hamlet of Accord, will launch its own spa, with five treatment rooms, a sauna and heated plunge pool, and a fitness center.

Nearby, the beloved Mohonk Mountain House has refreshed its 30,000-square-foot spa, spiffing up its relaxation verandas and locker rooms and adding new offerings like hydrotherapy massage. But the most noteworthy addition to Mohonk is the Lakeview Summerhouse, the resort's first outdoor treatment room, in an arcadian pavilion overlooking Lake Mohonk and the surrounding Shawangunk Mountains. Twenty minutes down the road, the agriculturally focused Wildflower Farms, Auberge Resorts Collection, opened its doors in September. Thistle, its wellness center, features soaking pools, saunas, and a spa with treatments utilizing small-batch oils, ointments, and scrubs produced from hand-harvested ingredients grown on site.

This summer, the wellness pioneers behind The Ranch Malibu will debut a Hudson Valley outpost on a historic estate near Tuxedo Park, just 45 minutes from New York City, offering three- and four-day wellness programs that include hiking, yoga, and fitness classes. Capping the region's spa boom will be Soho Farmhouse, set to open in Rhinebeck later this year. The first Farmhouse outside the U.K., the historic manor-house property will feature a restaurant in a stone barn, plus a wellness facility sure to rival its twin across the pond. DEVORAH LEV-TOV

Chef Alex Napolitano's little-gem-lettuce salad at Inness, in Accord, New York

The saltwater pool at Thistle, An Auberge Spa at Wildflower Farms

PHOTOGRAPHS: ALEXANDER STEIN, AUBERGE RESORTS COLLECTION

A New Era of Luxury in Bali

Perched atop a pristine cliffside oasis overlooking the Indian Ocean, the newly opened AYANA Segara Bali introduces an effortlessly elevated Balinese experience.

Picture this: You're lying on a plush daybed on the balcony of your luxurious suite, listening to the gentle sounds of ocean waves and breathing in the sweet smells of lush tropical gardens. Later, you're nibbling on Indonesian-style tapas, or Jajanan, and sipping a handcrafted cocktail from a rooftop bar as the sun dips lower into the horizon, coloring the magnificent sky. A stay at the newly opened AYANA Segara Bali is a truly immersive retreat, heralding a new brand of loose luxury in Bali.

The 205-room AYANA Segara Bali is the fourth property in the integrated luxury community that is AYANA Estate at Jimbaran, following the trio of AYANA Villas Bali, AYANA Resort Bali, and RIMBA by AYANA Bali. Designed by the award-winning design firm WATG, AYANA Segara Bali's indoor-outdoor layout creates an experience in harmony with nature and rooted in Tri Hita Karana, the Balinese philosophy of balance. Interiors were designed by Yasuhiro Koichi of SPIN Design Studio, the beloved firm behind the design of Rock Bar. Elegant guest rooms and suites feature clean, modern lines accentuated with rich materials that celebrate the craftsmanship of the local region, while woodcarving partitions and traditional Balinese paintings adorn the lobby. The design is further brought to life in the location of the property itself, situated beside a lush tropical garden with jaw-dropping views of the Indian Ocean from nearly everywhere around the property.

Mornings at AYANA Segara Bali start with a hearty poolside breakfast at Karang, one of the three new dining additions to AYANA Estate. After breakfast, you can sit back and relax, or opt to explore all of the beautifully appointed facilities the property has to offer, such as the largest indoor-outdoor pool in Bali. Lunch will be at Scusa, featuring a mouthwatering selection of Mediterranean dishes highlighting organic vegetables sourced from AYANA Farm. Spend a few hours luxuriating at AYANA Spa, just steps away from the hotel. Soak in one of the world's largest Aquatonic® seawater therapy pools, or opt for an exclusively designed treatment for ultimate relaxation. Finally, end your perfect day with a golden sunset at Luna, a rooftop bar with unobstructed views and craft cocktails.

The pristine shores of Bali beckon, and AYANA Segara Bali is waiting to welcome you.

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The Long Walk Home

A grueling trek through northern Sweden proves to be a pathway to greater self-knowledge

PHOTOGRAPH: TOBIAS HÄGG

"What are you doing here?" asked Markus Dahlbäck, a fellow hiker I'd met mere minutes earlier.

"Here" was Sweden's forbidding wilderness above the Arctic Circle. Steep mountains streaked with cascades of glacial water framed a scene unlike any I'd seen before: an infinite slate-gray sky above a field of large lichen-covered granite rocks that went on forever.

Truth is, I'd said yes to coming here before I'd really considered what it would mean to trek more than 70 miles through an unfamiliar, sometimes unfriendly landscape. In hindsight, I think I simply presumed that testing myself physically would yield emotional benefits too—assuming I survived. My 15-year marriage had crumbled during the pandemic. Ever since, I'd been tortured by anger, shame, and disappointment over my "happily ever after" that wasn't. Joining 1,700 hikers from 49 countries on the Fjällräven Classic Sweden, an endurance event produced by the Swedish outdoor brand, felt like a way to regain control. I am a Miamian who reviews posh Caribbean beach resorts for work and has a taste for butler service. There would be no Wi-Fi, no cell service, and no way out except by emergency helicopter. I didn't even own a pair of hiking boots. Carrying everything we needed on our backs, we set out on the rugged course, which began in the Lapland village of Nikkaluokta and included part of the Kungsleden, a famous hiking trail.

By the time I met Markus, it was the second day of a journey that my group ambitiously aimed to finish in five. What I'd envisioned as a leisurely stroll through Lapland revealed itself to be something much harder. After three flights in 24 hours, I'd arrived at our hotel in Kiruna jet-lagged, disoriented, and overwhelmed by the information our guides, Johanna Ankarloo and Lina Hallebratt, offered. I'd never pitched a tent, never cooked outdoors, never been without cell service for more than 24 hours. I puked on the way to the trailhead.

Once there, my group trekked at a pace that I, not even five feet tall, struggled to match. Between their speed and the ever-increasing

Hiking Sweden's Kungsleden, or "king's trail"

incline, I already felt defeated when, 11 miles later, we finally pitched our tents for the night. The next morning, I became increasingly aware of how the hip straps of my backpack ("light" at 24 pounds) dug into my stomach, which, over the previous five miles, had made abundantly—*explosively!*—clear that it couldn't tolerate the dehydrated food Fjällräven had provided.

"This is a tough route, even for an experienced hiker," Markus told me. "If you don't finish, it doesn't mean you've failed."

"I cannot fail!" I responded between sobs.

I needed a win. To feel powerful. To conquer something hard. In the months since I'd separated from my husband, travel had been my only balm. Going somewhere new and focusing on something beyond my own misery was the best remedy.

When it became clear that I wouldn't reach our group until midnight, I was forced to acknowledge that sometimes, even when I do my best, it just isn't enough. But that doesn't make my effort any less meaningful or genuine—something my therapist has been saying for months. When a group of hikers saw me sitting dejectedly on a rock and offered to carry my pack, I resisted at first. "On the mountain, we help each other," one of them said. My vulnerability was met not with scorn or pity but with empathy and compassion. As I accepted his offer, I thought about the friends whose comfort I'd been too embarrassed to accept and resolved to be more trusting going forward.

Just like the rocks I was convinced the universe had spitefully placed in my path, the life lessons kept on coming. The next day our 17-mile slog included ascending the trail's highest point, 3,740 feet up, where I found the courage to ask for—not just accept—help. In response, Johanna cheerfully grasped my trekking poles and made a game of us pumping our arms and chugging like a steam train to the summit.

The next day, instead taking the perfunctory 10-minute lunch break, I allowed myself to really rest. Lying barefoot in a patch of wild blueberries, I lifted my face to the sun and listened as my teammates shared their struggles. For two blissful hours I relinquished the weight not only of my backpack but also of the shame I had been holding inside. The lesson crystallized: When times get tough, quitting isn't the only option. I can set down the weight of what I'm carrying and rest as long as I need. And then I can start again, renewed.

When I finally finished in Abisko, my skin was sticky with sweat, sunscreen, and mosquito repellent, and I had been smelling my own odor for two days. But nothing dulled my sense of pride. No accessory meant more than the medal I earned. And not in a very long time had I felt so strong. SARAH GREAVES-GABBADON

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AN ISLAND HOLIDAY UNLIKE ANY OTHER

From coral planting to coconut oil pressing and latte art workshops, you can choose from more than 50 memorable experiences for foodies, families, and couples on Jumeirah Maldives Olhahali Island.

It's that time of year when our forgotten winter coats begin emerging from the back of the closet as temperatures start to dip. If you're in search of a winter retreat, the Maldives is hard to beat, with balmy weather from December to April and the warmth of the Indian Ocean's azure waters attracting even the most accomplished of scuba divers.

Fortunately, Jumeirah Maldives Olhahali Island has everything you need for a seamless escape, from the resort's sleek speedboat to an impressive list of more than 50 experiences catering to all ages. Here are five reasons to dig out your suitcase and leave that coat where it hangs.

RECONNECT WITH YOURSELF

Those seeking a holiday that's as indulgent as it is revitalizing can book an individual consultation with a wellness expert to create a program tailored to you. Choose from yoga, Tibetan bowl and breath workshops, and meditation at the resort's overwater wellness sanctuary, Talise Spa; or opt for signature massages, such as Heyovaru Si'hathu, featuring guided breathing exercises inspired by shiatsu and a full posture assessment. Alternatively, you can simply book any of the individual classes or treatments that interest you.

TREAT YOUR PARTNER TO THE ULTIMATE DATE NIGHT

If you're escaping to enjoy quality time with your partner, enjoy an unforgettable Firumaalaa couple's ritual on your private roof terrace or nestled in the white powder beach surrounding your villa. You'll relax into holiday mode with a candlelit couple's massage followed by a gourmet dinner under the stars and a cozy screening of your favorite film on your villa's private roof terrace, which can also be used for barbecues.

GO FLYBOARDING AT SUNSET

Beyond relaxation amenities, the island also hosts an impressive series of master classes and workshops for all ages. Little ones can swap subtraction for submarines and take lessons in the local language, Dhivehi, while you can learn how to make coconut oil or perfect your racquet skills on one of the world's most picturesque beach courts. Out at sea, enjoy a guided snorkeling trip or earn your PADI certification at the renowned Dive Center. Thrill seekers can also opt for jet-skiing, stand-up paddleboarding, and flyboarding, while kids aged six and up can watch the last of the burning-pink sun dip beneath the horizon as they cast a fishing line into the sparkling Indian Ocean.

PLANT CORAL WITH THE RESORT'S MARINE BIOLOGIST

If you're an eco-conscious traveler who likes to give something back to the communities you visit, meet the Dive Center team to learn about local coral restoration projects and help plant coral to enhance the island's reefs.

TAKE A MASTER CLASS WITH A RENOWNED CHEF OR SOMMELIER

Jumeirah Hotels & Resorts' famed culinary offering will have you tucking into a delicious array of Peruvian-Japanese dishes at Kayto; indulging in Mediterranean delicacies and award-winning drinks at Shimmers, the resort's photogenic beachside restaurant; or even enjoying a pizza-making master class at the very same. Wine lovers can embark on a sensorial tasting experience with the resort's resident sommelier, who will regale you with fascinating tales as you sip rare wines from an exclusive selection of Bordeaux vintages.

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Europe's leading medi-spa opens near the shore in north Germany—with its familiar gut-busting results.

`The thatched exterior of Lanserhof Sylt.` **`Right:`** `Its statement spiral staircase`

Tiny Sylt, part of Germany's North Frisian islands, is best known for its thatched-roof cottages, where vacationers unwind in the warmer months. Now, in the village of List, comes the newest outpost of Lanserhof, the high-tech European spa brand. Created at a cost of $120 million, it's showy but handsome, with saltwater pools, yoga studios, and white-clad medics striding down corridors with stethoscopes. The Lanserhof group, which also has the iconic old Lans in Austria and Tegernsee in Germany—embraces cutting-edge medicine and natural healing. Guests may be in remission from cancer, seeking to de-stress, or simply trying to lose weight.

My stay, similar to those of most patients here, revolves around the Mayr cure, a simple process of purging your guts of toxins, acidity, and bad bacteria through fasting, invented by the Austrian physician Franz X. Mayr in the 1920s. Guests follow the alkalizing Lanserhof Energy Cuisine diet, taking Epsom salts to clear out the digestive system and alkaline powder to neutralize acids. Beyond that, all aspects of the program—how radical the diet, what treatments to follow—are decided by the doctor.

Mine is Jan Stritzke, a hyperactive font of intriguing health information. He bangs on my midriff as if it were a bongo, informing me that my gut is inflamed. He's putting me on diet level 0: vegetable broth only. "Carry a rice cake around in your pocket," he advises. "Between feeling dizzy and passing out, you don't have much time." He grins. "This is gonna be great."

I find that I cannot stop sleeping. When I'm awake, the cure purges me of more than bad gut bacteria. I cry constantly, bemoaning the griefs of my life. Then, after three days of sleep and misery, I blink awake. I am up with the moon. The nausea has vanished. I wallow in steam rooms and pluck books from the Heymann & Taschen Verlag library. I start taking bike rides to swim in sun-kissed seas. I pass an elderly man in a *Strandkörbe* (around 11,000 of these boxy German beach seats dot the coast), his wheelchair beside him. I follow his gaze to cliffs glazed caramel by the descending sun. It is impossible to feel sick, sad, or hangry here. There is nothing to do but sink into the sand, allow the warmth to envelop my detoxifying skin, and revel in being alive with an improving microbiome. LYDIA BELL

Healing Holidays offers seven nights at Lanserhof Sylt from $3,970 per person; healingholidays.com

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During an Equus Experience session at Four Seasons Resort Rancho Encantado

Horse Sense

Nervousness, self-doubt, fear—during equine therapy, our four-legged friends help us recognize the vibes we're giving off

It's an early morning in May, and a low desert sun is rising over Purple Sage Ranch, a dusty sprawl surrounded by the saguaro-studded Santa Catalina Mountain foothills. I've come to meet Lucinda Vette, the head equine facilitator at Miraval Resorts in Tucson, for a session with a quartet of horses. My mother was supposed to join me, but the side effects of a cancer trial drug have left her napping in our room.

This wasn't my first time working with horses. Over the past few years, I'd visited Wyatt Webb, Miraval's recently retired, Oprah-endorsed "horse whisperer," whose classes helped me gain insights into my self-doubt, and I'd taken advantage of other equine offerings at Miraval's Austin and Berkshires outposts. In 2018, a solo sojourn brought me to the Equus Experience at Santa Fe's Four Seasons Resort Rancho Encantado, where I spent time with Dante, a Cavalia horse. My sole task was asking him to walk with me without a halter. I learned more about my communication style in those two hours than I had in years of talk therapy.

This time, I'd come to equine therapy with anxieties around aging, mortality, and the imminent loss of my mom. A typical session starts with an expression of intent: why you've come, what you're seeking, and, importantly, how you carry yourself—what equine facilitators refer to as your nonverbal communication with the horse. Despite trying to be present, I can't focus. The horses sense this. Minutes after I greet them, they walk to the other side of the arena. "It's hard to be vulnerable in front of others," Vette says, and gently asks me questions about how I'm doing. Indeed, as soon as I'm able to articulate my feelings, one of the horses returns to my side. When we're consistent in matching our behavior to our emotions, horses are more likely to work with us, she explains. Horses, more than 56 million years old as a species and equipped with sensitive nervous systems, are prey animals designed to scan their environment for safety. "They sense what you're giving off," Vette tells me. "Are you scared? Is your mind racing?" Horses uniquely deliver feedback based on our emotional states, often serving as a mirror for how we make choices, maintain relationships, and see ourselves. "This work is for somebody who wants to understand why they do what they do," Vette says, adding that the only prerequisite is curiosity.

Humans have known about the healing power of being around horses since 400 BC, when Hippocrates, the Greek father of medicine, lauded its benefits. Today, occupational therapists prescribe time with horses to patients with autism and cerebral palsy; it's also been useful for veterans with post-traumatic stress disorder. There isn't much scientific research around equine therapy, but several studies out of the University of Arizona show it can lower blood pressure and heart rates and regulate the nervous system.

These days, as more people are tapping into the natural world's healing powers, hotels are taking note. The Lodge at Blue Sky, Auberge Resorts Collection, a 3,500-acre ranch in Utah, gives guests the chance to work with rescued mustangs and thoroughbreds. In 2023, a new overseas program called Retreat and Conquer, run by Operation Centaur, a UK-based horse-therapy organization, will offer five-day equine retreats in remote locations, including the revered Indonesian retreat Nihi Sumba and the Cotton House on Mustique.

Last spring, I visited Zapata Ranch, a remote and immersive Western-style working ranch in southern Colorado. My mother had just passed away, and I felt a deep calling to ride the majestic animals who had given me so many personal insights over the years. It was time to dust myself off and get back in the saddle. KATE DONNELLY

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From left: Peeling curry leaves for a cooking class at Kayal Island Retreat in Kerala; a former artist's residency, Kayal Island Retreat sits on the shores of Lake Vembanad

Change of Scenery

A timely Ayurvedic journey across the mountains, beaches, and backwaters of Kerala, in southern India, has transformative results

Even in summer's high heat, Kerala's terra-cotta soil is bountiful, its trees heaving with jackfruit, bananas, papayas, cashews, and coconuts. Bougainvillea festoons pathways in a riot of color, from coral and yellow to magenta, Jaipur pink, and mauve.

Here in this Eden, I sought a sort of pandemic self-prescription, filled by naturopathy and slow living. I also planned to delve further into Ayurveda, which I'd turned to more than a decade ago to cope with the emotional fallout of two physical traumas—severe endometriosis, followed by unsuccessful fertility treatments.

I began my trip at Prakriti Shakti, a naturopathy clinic atop the Panchalimedu hills, part of the densely forested, mountainous Idukki district. A wellness center for purists, the clinic has a minimal, elegant structure built with materials sourced locally; glass panels bring in warmth and light and views across the valley.

My first morning, I woke to birdsong and a session to salute the five elements of nature—earth, water, fire, air, and space. I dipped my feet in the pool, then walked barefoot on the grass, gazing at the morning sun while doing breath work. According to Ayurvedic theory, the five elements are represented in our bodies: Flesh →

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Clockwise from left: The writer passes through the main building at Prakriti Shakti; shallots, garlic, and curry leaves are among the ingredients used in the cooking lesson at Kayal Island Retreat

and bones signify earth, for example, while space is our entire length and breadth. And yet we are disconnected from these elements even as we live among them.

Reconnecting with nature is the primary aim, reflected even in treatments: In my honey-and-banana-leaf body wrap, I was anointed with Epsom salts and coconut milk—the former to remove impurities, the latter to moisturize—then swaddled in banana leaf and encased in cotton so the ingredients could penetrate deeply. My hair was drenched in coconut milk, my face lathered in wild turmeric and sandalwood. As I lay out under the bright southern sun, hotter than a sauna, I felt like a caterpillar in a chrysalis.

Traditionally, Ayurvedic treatments are best administered in changing seasons or monsoons. But the optimal window really depends on the affliction itself, as I would later learn at Sitaram Beach Retreat, in Kerala's cultural capital of Thrissur. After Prakriti Shakti's restraint, Sitaram Beach felt like a maximalist indulgence: Opulent traditional architecture framed a lush garden brimming with coconut palms, orchids, and medicinal plants, while waves crashed on a nearby beach.

"Changing seasons are better for those who suffer from allergies," said Vignesh Devraj, a fourth-generation Ayurvedic doctor who is Sitaram's magnetic founder and chief physician. "The monsoon is better for those who have painful joints and arthritis because it prepares them for winter." Just then, I was suffering from nasal allergies, which made it an ideal time for me. I also have an overactive imagination (thanks to my combined vata and pitta doshas, two of Ayurveda's mind-body types), so I was prescribed treatments to ground my mind.

The first treatment, a four-handed massage, used warm oil. It was followed by the podikizhi, in which my body was stamped with hot pouches made with powdered herbs, and the nabhi vasti, which involved a caldera of flour being created around my navel and filled with warm oil. Stress in my shoulders was relieved with an herbal paste sealed with warm leaves. I drifted in and out of sleep, listening to the ocean.

While the treatments helped me to unwind, they also left me emotionally fragile. "The tapping movements of the poultices work like Emotional Freedom Technique to help you release suppressed feelings," explained Devraj.

The next day, on the beach, I listened to the stories of Girish, a local fisherman who had lost friends at sea, and Balakrishnan and Srikala, the couple responsible for the retreat's incredible greenery. "We couldn't have children, so we treat the plants as our babies," said Balakrishnan, who is said to have kaipunyam, or gifted hands. I felt a lump in my throat and a pang of recognition, touched by how the pair used their pain to create something beautiful.

My journey ended in Kerala's serene backwaters, at Kayal Island Retreat on the island of Kakkathuruthu. Early one morning, I sat on the waterfront waiting for the sun, listening to prayers from the nearby temple. At that moment, I understood that finding bliss doesn't have to be complicated. Sometimes it just appears.

VASUDHA RAI

A similar trip can be organized by Silk Route Escapes; silkrouteescapes.com

PHOTOGRAPHS: ANA LUI

ADVERTISEMENT

Why are we afraid of therapy? It's complicated.

Here's some advice from a licensed therapist.

Haesue Jo, LMFT

Whether you're experiencing symptoms of anxiety or depression, feeling burned out at work, or navigating relationship challenges, therapy can be an effective tool for building resilience and improving your mental health. But finding therapy that works for your schedule, budget, and goals can be challenging. Here are some pointers to make therapy less daunting, and help you get the care you're looking for:

1. Understand that therapy can be for anyone. Therapy isn't only for people who have been diagnosed with a severe mental health issue. Mental health is for everyone. Therapy can be beneficial even if you just need someone to talk to.

2. Be kind to yourself – seeking therapy is a sign of strength, not of weakness. Free yourself from the stigma that can be associated with seeking mental health care. Starting therapy is a sign that you're taking ownership of your narrative, and prioritizing your mental health. It takes a lot of bravery, and it's something to be proud of.

3. Stay open to different specialties. There are a lot of different licenses in the mental health profession — from psychologists to social workers — but the most important thing is finding a therapist that you feel safe with. Make that a focus of your search.

4. Think about whether you'd prefer to do therapy in-person or virtually. Virtual therapy can be done from home, offers a much wider selection of providers, and is often more affordable. BetterHelp, for example, has a network of over 25,000 licensed therapists and costs between $60-$90 a week. On the other hand, in-person therapy can be more appropriate for people with mental health challenges that may require in-person care, like substance abuse issues or severe eating disorders.

5. Try messaging with your therapist first if you don't feel ready for a full session. Starting therapy with someone you've never met before can be scary. If that feels like too much, start by messaging with your therapist, which is an option on BetterHelp and some other online providers. Messaging can be a very effective tool for processing feelings on your own time and getting to know your therapist a little bit better.

6. Consider the cost. If you have insurance, call the number on the back of your card to see whether there are affordable providers in-network. For non-insurance options, consider an online provider like BetterHelp, which charges significantly less per hour for regular sessions. Finally, consider group sessions, where you share the cost of services with others in a discussion-based format.

7. Don't get discouraged if the first therapist you speak with isn't the right fit. Therapy is super personal, and sometimes it takes a few tries to find someone you connect with enough to continue working with them in the long term. Finding a good match can take time, and it can make a huge difference. Some services, like BetterHelp, make it easy to switch between therapists and can work with you to help you find the right match.

Starting therapy is a major step — and one that can take a lot of courage and time. The work you put in up front is an investment in your long-term wellness. In my decade as a therapist, I've seen the transformative effect that therapy can have on people's lives. If you're considering it, take the leap and give it a try.

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RAVELLO, ITALY

Back to BELMOND CARUSO

THE FIRST TIME MY FAMILY WENT TO CARUSO, A BELMOND HOTEL, which is an 11th-century estate in Ravello at a summit in the Lattari Mountains that overlooks a 1,000-foot-plus plunge to the Tyrrhenian Sea, my son Henry was almost six months old. It was late April, and Amalfi's lemon trees were blossoming. The hotel, an austerely beautiful, scrubbed limestone palace clinging to the side of a hill, was an appealingly easy escape. We carried cups of rich, not-too-sweet Sfusato Amalfitano lemonade into the grounds. Gardens arranged with lawns, rose borders, half-concealed hammocks, and citrus trees fanned beneath the palace like giant steps. Wisteria vines dropped petals from the pergolas, outshone by the punch-pink, first-bloom bougainvillea.

We slept in the hotel's Villa Margherita, designed by Eric Egan. I imagine artists who traveled to Ravello in the early 20th century staying here as they waited for inspiration to strike. One of us opened a set of floor-to-ceiling windows, exposing a clear sweep from the coastal slopes of Maiori to Minori, with the chapel-dotted uplands of the Lattaris rising in both directions, and the improbably empty Mediterranean filling in the horizon. It is a view nothing can prepare you for.

Last May, my husband, Andrew, and I went back to the same villa with the cowrie-shell chandelier. We aren't in the habit of repeating trips, but we both kept bringing up that lemonade. I was seven months pregnant with our second son, and if I had to be benched somewhere with a pack of antacids—well, what a place. We mooched around the pool, an adults-only place in spirit if not by decree, edged on three sides by green hills and by the coastline to the south. Shallow terra-cotta bowls, full of pansies sat alongside huge white umbrellas, wide enough to shade two sun

PHOTOGRAPHS: CARUSO BELMOND, BEAU-RIVAGE GENÈVE

loungers on the patio or, even better, on the soft lawn dented with ice buckets. On some days we never went farther than the poolside restaurant, where we ordered scrape-the-plate paccheri with burst cherry tomatoes, and eggplant Parmesan that came in a puddle of bright passata.

Food—and the leisurely eating of it—was the tentpole of our return to Caruso. We hovered over breakfast for an hour each morning, scooping up rosemary omelets and fried tomatoes with soldiers of focaccia, tart rounds of caprese al limone, and sfogliatelle santarosa, my favorite, a shell-shaped pastry filled with raspberries and cream. In the afternoons we would walk into town past the duomo for hazelnut and pistachio cones from Baffone Gelateria Artigianale, and in the evenings we stayed at the hotel—a choice that usually would have smacked of laziness to me, but instead felt decadently unambitious.

As I'm writing this, the baby is due in a couple of weeks, and I hope our second trip ends up being the start of something. I hope we'll return to Caruso as a family of four, and open the windows in that villa, and remember why we keep coming back. *From $990; belmond.com* JO RODGERS

LAUSANNE, SWITZERLAND

Beau-Rivage Palace

It's been more than five years since I last set foot on the grounds of the Swiss grande dame Beau-Rivage, presiding over Lake Geneva like some proud Belle Époque aristocrat. But the memory of my suite remains vivid—of my feet on the thick padded carpet, of the fairy-tale terrace where I'd watch the light hit the Alps at dusk, of pressing a single bedside button to bring up the blackout shades before I ordered a fresh carafe of coffee. The interiors were regal and restrained; the staff, many the product of the nearby École Hôtelière de Lausanne, were efficient and kind. I spent my days strolling the manicured waterfront gardens; at night, after dining on artful plates of sole meunière at the two-Michelin-starred restaurant Anne-Sophie Pic, I'd retreat into the sleek darkness of the bar, cradling a glass of amaro while watching businessmen conduct negotiations beneath Old World tapestries. In some ways, it was all a distraction—a way to waste time until I could politely excuse myself and retire to my room, to step back into the fantasy. One I long to return to. *From $510; brp.ch* BETSY BLUMENTHAL

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—JWH

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The transformation begins the moment you arrive at Sensei Porcupine Creek. Set on a sprawling, 230-acre estate in the foothills of the Santa Rosa Mountains in Rancho Mirage, California, the desert retreat delivers both total seclusion and immersion in the natural environment. Regularly sought out by professional athletes, celebrities, and dignitaries for its unparalleled location and amenities—including a challenging, beautifully sculpted 18-hole golf course, and a world-class tennis facility with courts modeled on those of the nearby Indian Wells Tennis Garden, which hosts the annual BNP Paribas Tournament—the once-private estate is now open exclusively to guests of Sensei Porcupine Creek, retaining its sense of intimacy with just 22 luxuriously appointed accommodations and the world's only private Nobu restaurant. It's a spectacular setting for the first true standalone property for the brand, whose unparalleled approach to revitalization shifted the standard when it opened Hawaii's first high-end destination wellness retreat, Sensei Lāna'i, a Four Seasons Resort, in 2019.

Yoga Pavilion

Developed by technology pioneer and Oracle co-founder Larry Ellison and leading physician and scientist Dr. David Agus, the retreat's guiding philosophy, the Sensei Way, emphasizes three core principles: Move, Nourish, and Rest. Informed by a dynamic pre-arrival questionnaire that assesses their goals, guests work alongside Sensei Guides and practitioners—a suite of trained experts in mindset, nutrition, and exercise physiology—to achieve these tenets through enriching, highly personalized itineraries that not only draw on Sensei's science-based approach to well-being, but also deeply integrate the surrounding landscape. In the state-of-the-art fitness pavilion, where glass walls invite expansive views of the desert, the expert staff employ functional movement tests and wearables to monitor guests' health data in real time. Sensei-developed thermographic technology, meanwhile, allows therapists to provide targeted massages and bodywork in airy treatment rooms that open onto the spa's hushed, verdant garden. Inspiring guided meditations, offered in the shadow of the mountains, set the day's intention, and invigorating sunrise hikes along a desert ridge trail encourage a true reconnection with nature. This is the future of wellness: a revitalizing reset for both body and mind.

Learn more at sensei.com/porcupine-creek.

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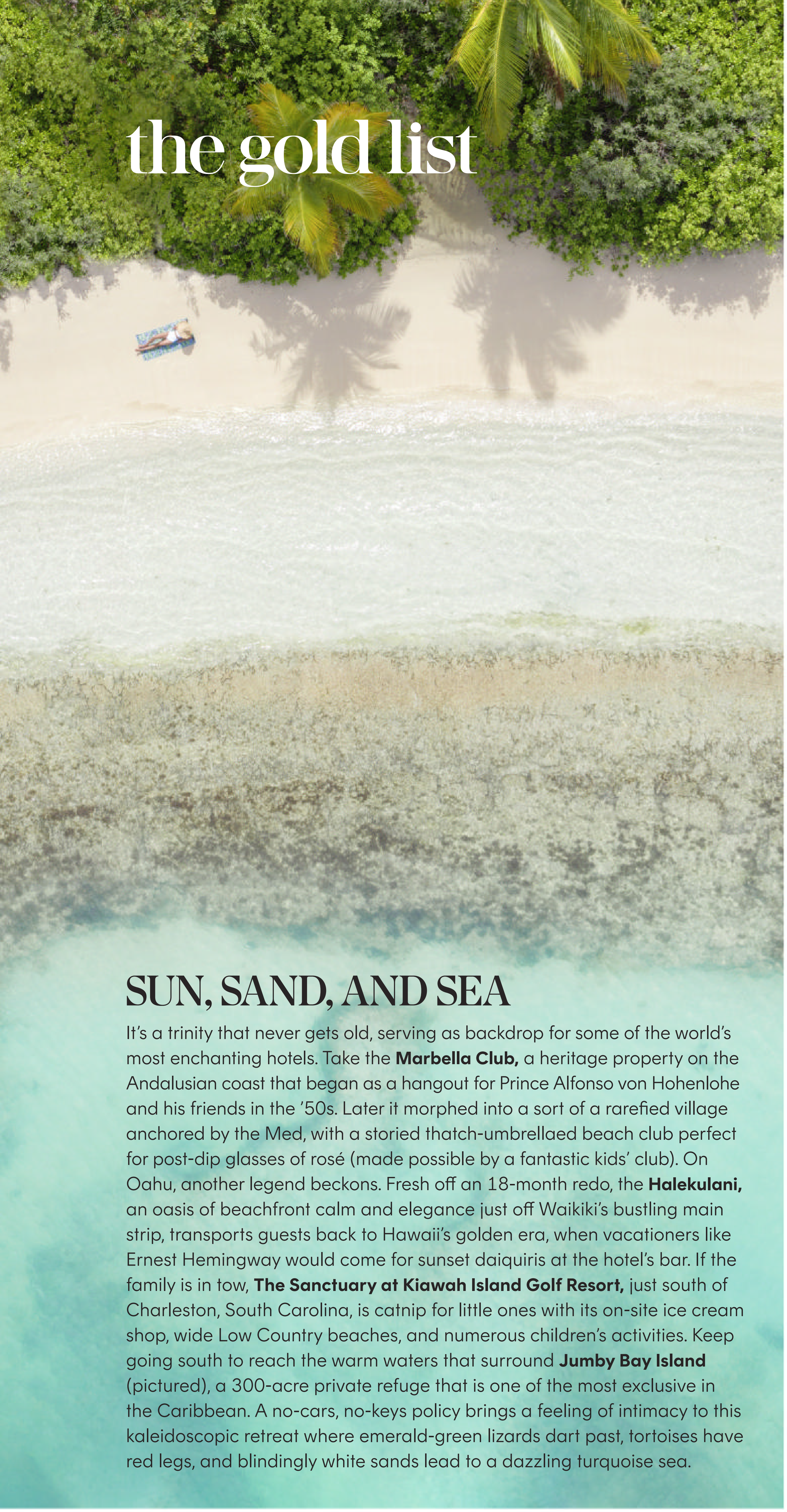


SUN, SAND, AND SEA

It's a trinity that never gets old, serving as backdrop for some of the world's most enchanting hotels. Take the **Marbella Club,** a heritage property on the Andalusian coast that began as a hangout for Prince Alfonso von Hohenlohe and his friends in the '50s. Later it morphed into a sort of a rarefied village anchored by the Med, with a storied thatch-umbrellaed beach club perfect for post-dip glasses of rosé (made possible by a fantastic kids' club). On Oahu, another legend beckons. Fresh off an 18-month redo, the **Halekulani,** an oasis of beachfront calm and elegance just off Waikiki's bustling main strip, transports guests back to Hawaii's golden era, when vacationers like Ernest Hemingway would come for sunset daiquiris at the hotel's bar. If the family is in tow, **The Sanctuary at Kiawah Island Golf Resort,** just south of Charleston, South Carolina, is catnip for little ones with its on-site ice cream shop, wide Low Country beaches, and numerous children's activities. Keep going south to reach the warm waters that surround **Jumby Bay Island** (pictured), a 300-acre private refuge that is one of the most exclusive in the Caribbean. A no-cars, no-keys policy brings a feeling of intimacy to this kaleidoscopic retreat where emerald-green lizards dart past, tortoises have red legs, and blindingly white sands lead to a dazzling turquoise sea.

CRUISE

Seven Seas Splendor

All eyes are glued to the instructor, who is passionately demonstrating how to fry tomato fritters to maximum crispness. You follow along and flip your own in the ship's sleek Culinary Arts Kitchen; your reward is a perfectly browned flavor bomb. This is just one little moment, among hundreds, that add up to an unforgettable journey aboard this ultra-luxe all-suite, all-balcony 750-passenger ship, on which even the smallest accommodations feel roomy. Considered touches are everywhere—like the handpicked rose petals used in the facial treatments at the spa. There's always something happening at the Constellation Theater—musical revues or cabaret numbers—but the best show in *Splendor*'s house is late-night stargazing at the stern end. *Seven-night sails from $4,999 per person; rssc.com*

JANICE WALD HENDERSON

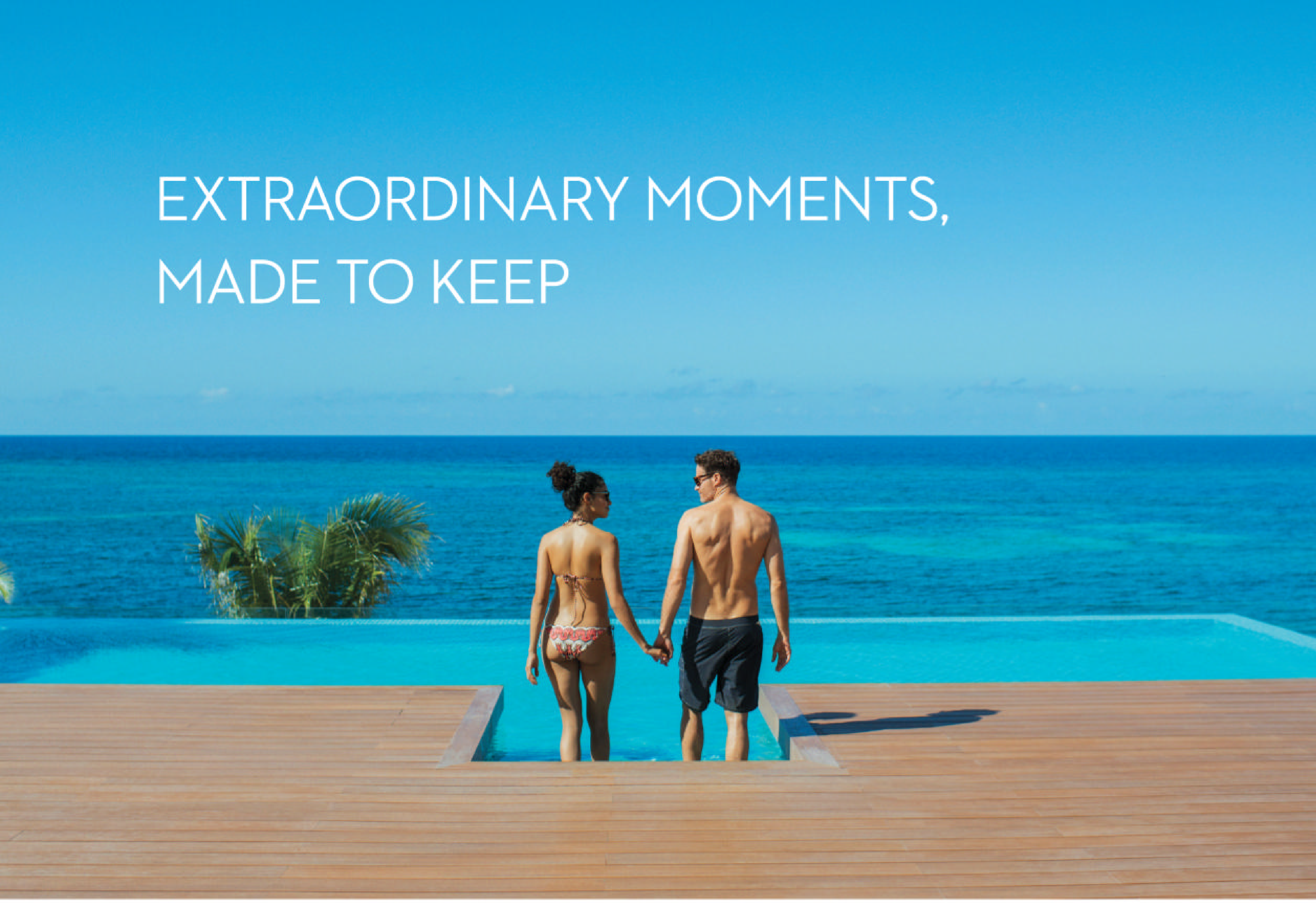
the thing I love about

THE SAVOY, London

“The Red Lift, also called the ascending room—London's first-ever electric elevator—is a Savoy legend. And it continues to make a bold statement with its gold-fronted doors, red lacquer interiors, and leather bench for two. In fact, I may have ridden it a few times more than necessary.”

—ARATI MENON

PHOTOGRAPH: JUMBY BAY ISLAND



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the gold list

RWANDA

Singita Kwitonda Lodge

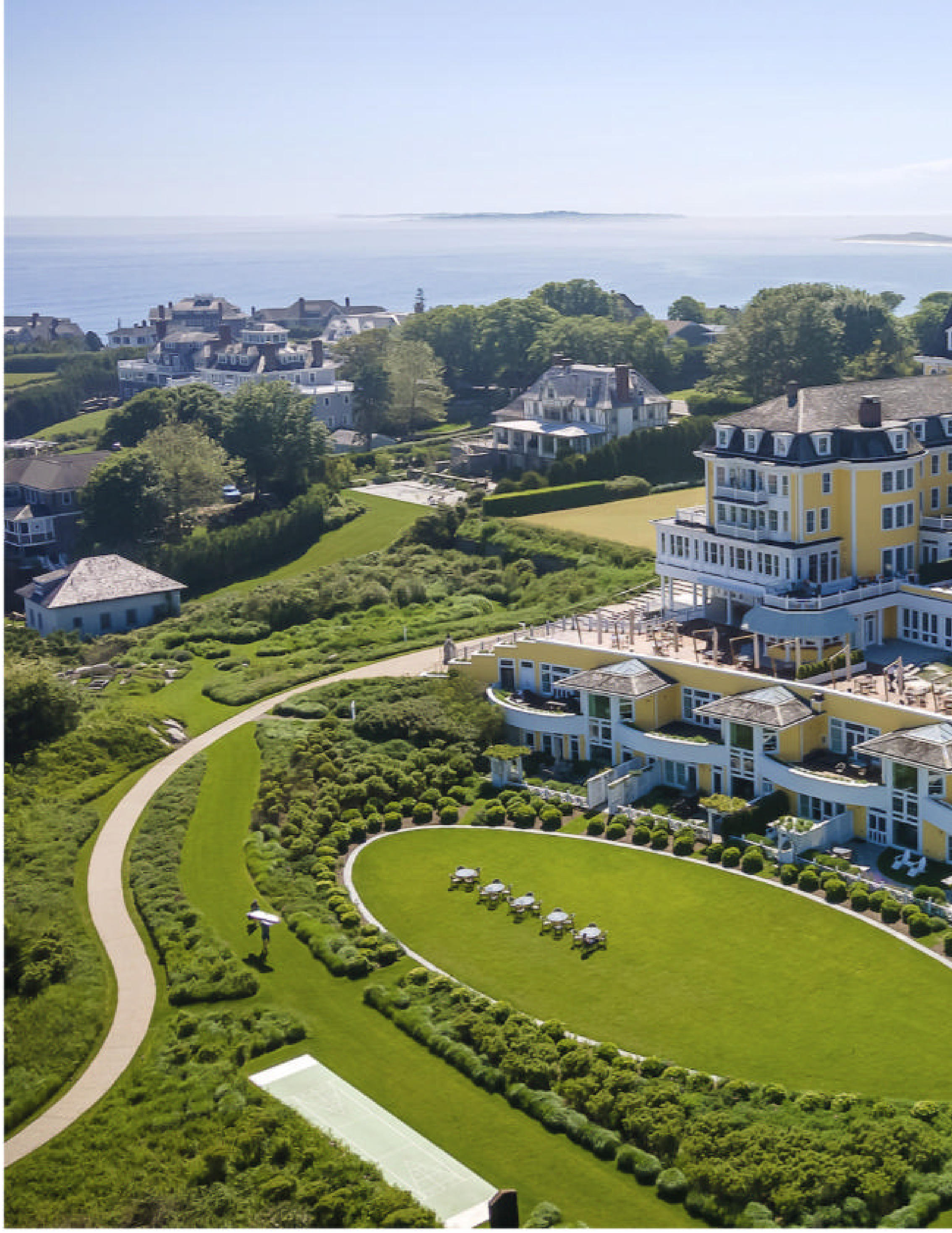
With a mission as bold as its design, Singita Kwitonda Lodge is the only property abutting Volcanoes National Park. To arrive here is to tumble into the warm embrace of intuitive service. From the nourishing food tucked into your day pack to the hiking gear on standby, all the thinking is done for you, freeing you up to enjoy the experience of meeting animals that share 98 percent of your DNA: gorillas. Nature walks are led by conservationists who explain the value of rewilding; Singita has planted more than 250,000 trees and flowers since opening in 2019. Inside buildings chiseled from volcanic rock are soft-edged interiors that champion local crafts; rooms have views of the rugged peaks protruding from the mist of the cloud forest. Equipped with books, art supplies, wood-burning fireplaces, and a heated pool, they're delightfully cocooning, especially during a rainstorm. *From $2,245; singita.com* JANE BROUGHTON

the thing I love about

THE LEELA PALACE BENGALURU, India

Out in the gardens, a stream, shaded by dense foliage, gurgles down a mossy stone formation and into a lotus-filled pond. It's tropical perfection and the most calming spot to return to.”

—PRASAD RAMAMURTHY



WATCH HILL, RHODE ISLAND

Living the lore at OCEAN HOUSE

IF YOU MOVE IN CERTAIN CIRCLES ON THE EAST COAST, the Ocean House will reliably drift into conversation throughout the year. Loyalists—and there are legions of them—will anxiously share notes on how to score that Atlantic-facing suite again this summer; first-timers will spend weeks recounting stories of cocktails on the resort's enormous croquet lawn, lined by rocking chairs and with the tease of the ink-blue ocean visible down the hill; a new acquaintance may fondly reference summers spent there with grandparents. As such, this enormous yellow mansion towering like a watchman above a sand-swept Rhode Island shoreline occupied space in my mind long before I visited.

When I finally did approach the check-in desk this past spring, it all felt unreasonably familiar: the 69 room keys attached to plump wooden chains, like prizes to be claimed on the shelf behind the reception desk; the antique clock ticking away the tranquil seconds before the high-

PHOTOGRAPHS: SINGITA, OCEAN HOUSE, RHODE ISLAND, LINE KLEIN

season rush. It wasn't from all the chatter that I'd absorbed over the years, but rather from a quality I've found increasingly elusive in a world moving inexorably toward the contactless, the modern, the new. Since opening its big wooden doors on the remote Watch Hill in 1868, Ocean House has remained resolutely committed to a version of hospitality that simply makes people feel good. For all the resort's plush surroundings, it is the thoughtful, personal, easy service that keeps this grande dame top of mind year-round.

For me, this meant having a toy cart pull up right next to my toddler as we checked in and watching him delightedly rummage through the stash before claiming a shiny new ball. It meant being sent slices of cake in the mid-afternoon by the intuitive staff who'd been watching us chase him as he in turn chased that ball around the great lawn. When we weren't shell-collecting on the stripe of beach below, we moved between the pool and our room, with its porthole windows, stacks of books nodding to the area's nautical and whaling pasts, and a terrace that let us see out as far as New York State. When our son's nap forced us to miss our lunch reservation, a trolley loaded with clam chowder, mounds of fries, club sandwiches, and warm cookies was parked outside our door. And when we mustered the will to dress up one night for dinner, a table opened inside the resort's members club, the maître d's wink letting us know that we'd somehow made it past an invisible red rope to a place not everyone sees. Staying at Ocean House feels special and effortless, which is a slam-dunk formula for a vacation you want to repeat year after year. Assuming you can get the room. *From $445; oceanhouseri.com* ERIN FLORIO

BOHEMIAN RHAPSODIES

If there were a little black book cataloging the sort of hotels discreetly whispered about by a certain clan of tanned and stylish wanderers, all of these beachy bolt-holes would surely be featured. At the end of a shrine-dotted road, down in the deepest Mani, the middle tentacle of Greece's Peloponnese, sits **Kyrimai:** immaculate and indulgent yet retaining the romance of a place so remote it might have been overgrown with brambles a week ago. It's a maze of arches and stairways leading to rooms inside the stone walls with white-linened beds tucked in the eaves. A little restaurant perches above perfectly clear water into which no one can resist diving. **Nihi Sumba** is undeniably a schlep: a flight to Bali, followed by a turboprop hop to Sumba island, and then a jeep ride. But as soon as you pass the wooden sign that reads "Welcome to the Edge of Wildness," you know you'd happily do it all again—for the view, the uncrowded surf, the Sandalwood ponies trundling down the beach at sunrise, and the gardens frothy with hot-pink bougainvillea. The fishing village of Trancoso, in Brazil's Bahia, isn't the tourist-free enclave it once was, but **Uxua Casa Hotel & Spa** (pictured) still feels genuinely part of the community. Made up of 13 art-filled casas, the rustic-luxe eco-retreat sits just off the town's grassy Quadrado, where kids flock to play soccer.

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ICELAND

At DEPLAR FARM, a breath of fresh air

SOME PLACES DEFY, OR MAYBE TRANSCEND, the whole notion of what a hotel is. Deplar—a turf-roofed former farm on northern Iceland's Troll Peninsula, where sheep outnumber people—is one of those. It lingers in the memory as a series of sensations: the shuddering tingle of the icy plunge pool after meditation in a 200-degree sauna; the sight of ephemeral sea spray against the pinkish morning light on a silent sea-kayak trip among the seals; the shimmering, blissful half-sleep of a sound bath, in a small candlelit room. This all might sound a touch woo-woo, but Deplar Farm—like its parent company, Eleven , owned by the skiing- and fishing-obsessed former Blackstone executive Chad Pike—is anything but. Though it almost looks like just another black timber farmstead on the drive up the valley, the 32-guest lodge is a lair of pure-grade hedonism. Everywhere there are tactile invitations to play, like a shuffleboard table in a cozy alcove, with its hidden game consoles and movie projector. Grown-up comfort music—think Fleetwood Mac—plays gently at all times, creating an atmosphere where frazzled bigwigs can rediscover their inner children, aided by privacy and limit-pushing adventures, from heli-skiing in the surrounding mountains to fly-fishing for char in nearby Lake Miklavatn. At times, the luxury borders on the comical: like wafting from the indoor hot bath to the steaming outdoor one, when one of the team appears in the sunken swim-up bar, wondering if we'd like the same negronis as last night. The staff seem to be having a blast too. We are on horseback when Beda Mörgeli, a Swiss-born adventure guide, tells me, unprompted but very convincingly, "Fuck, I love my job." My partner and I stop asking who has stayed here (a winking "No comment") and how rich or demanding they were, and give into the power of the place. We drive away on the single-track road the same as they probably all do: like happy goose-bumped children, made small and fresh again by the cold, silent valley. *From $3,385; elevenexperience.com* TOBY SKINNER

PHOTOGRAPH: OIVIND HAUG

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SOUTH AFRICA

A homecoming at BABYLONSTOREN

BABYLONSTOREN'S GREATEST TRUMP CARD? It doesn't feel like a hotel. You reach it by driving off the dusty cape roads through vines and fruit trees. Tractors trundle by, laden with grapes and peaches. The restaurant is in an old cowshed. Ducks waddle past. A donkey puts out its nose for children to pat. It's a place where you instantly feel at home (albeit one surrounded by the towering Simonsberg Mountains, rolling vineyards, and miles of fragrant indigenous fynbos shrubland). This is in large part because the 500-acre 17th-century Cape Dutch estate is still an actual home—belonging to Karen Roos, the former editor of South African *Elle Decoration,* who spent years creating an eight-acre Patrice Taravella-designed formal garden containing more than 300 varieties of medicinal and edible plants, and then wanted to share it with others.

Having spent her life conceiving elegant new spaces, Roos constantly changes things up. Babylonstoren opened in 2010 with 13 little Cape Dutch farm workers' cottages beside the garden, each with a modernist glass "box" kitchen in which guests could cook fresh farm ingredients to enjoy by the fire in the spacious and bright contemporary interiors. Next, Roos converted the barns and stables to add characterful guest spaces. In the past few years, the creative hotelier has added a smattering of equally charming cottages among the fynbos, away from the public areas and surrounded by native landscaping, the better for admiring the rugged mountainscapes. I've been five times, and each time I return, there's something fresh and chic to explore: a farm shop stocked with tempting local cheese and Cape gooseberry jams; a bakery, which at night is transformed into a wood-fired-pizza restaurant; and, most recently, a wine cellar and museum.

You can take a zippy golf cart from your cottage down to the public areas and walk in the sprawling gardens, with their chicken

PHOTOGRAPHS: CROOKES & JACKSON, CHRIS SCHALKX

runs and beehives and rose-scented paths. Or you can have brunch, or a long, lazy lunch, in the Greenhouse or Babel restaurant, then have a hammam and massage in the recently added spa. Or you can do as I did on my last stay and retreat into nature, quietly fishing and kayaking on small dams, cycling amid fynbos in the hills, and lounging beside the new pool and hot tub, surrounded by rock gardens. Then, after a glass of wine at sunset, hang out in your light-filled, whitewashed cottage, cooking just-picked produce in your kitchen, listening to music and reading by the fire on Italian linen–clad sofas, and soaking in a deep bathtub fragranced with fresh herbs before a nightcap on the little veranda, the air thick with silence and lit by the moon and Milky Way. Babylonstoren paved the way for cool farm stays, but few of its successors can come close to matching the original. *From $525; babylonstoren.com*

LISA GRAINGER

TEL AVIV

The Jaffa

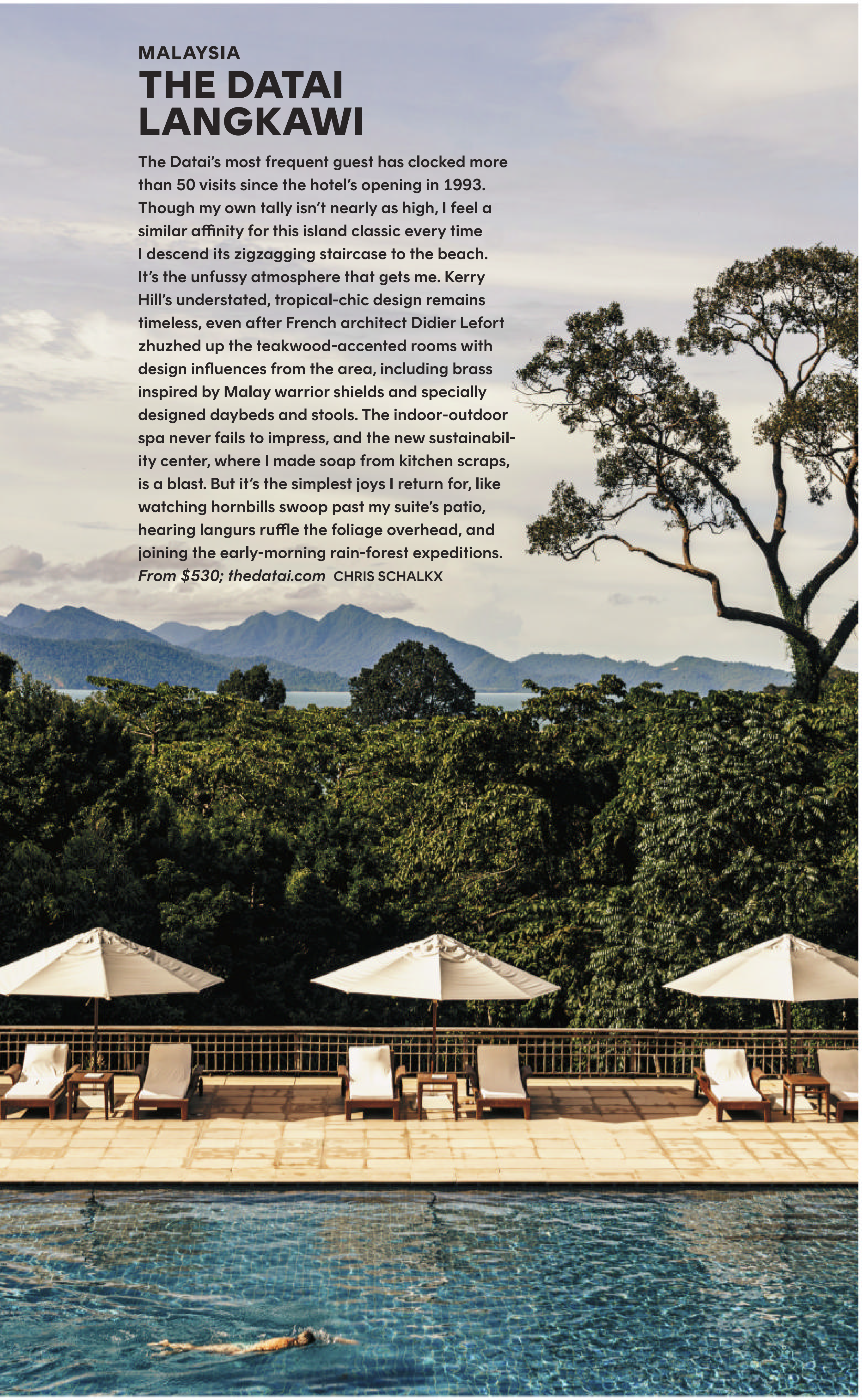
A single picture inspired my first trip to Tel Aviv. It wasn't a shot of the boardwalk heaving with bronzed roller skaters, nor of those iconic white Bauhaus buildings. It was of The Chapel lounge at The Jaffa, a Luxury Collection Hotel—a former convent that British designer John Pawson turned into an anachronistic masterpiece in 2018. It brilliantly melds the city's past with its turbo-powered present and is more arresting in person: the powder-blue ceilings, the altar turned marble-clad bar. This old-meets-new formula infuses the hotel's other spaces too, like the colonnaded walkways around the courtyard, where the deli Golda's serves bagels and lox. It's all an apt analogy for the rapid change happening outside the lobby, where the historic enclave of Jaffa, south of downtown Tel Aviv, has become one of Israel's most envelope-pushing hot spots. *From $650; marriott.com* CHRIS SCHALKX

the thing I love about **VIKING OCTANTIS**

"There are few travel experiences that rival sitting in a steaming hot tub as Antarctic air pricks your skin, with the glaciers looming just 100 feet away and a silence broken only by the splash of gentoo penguins paddling past."

—MEGAN SPURRELL

the gold list



MALAYSIA

THE DATAI LANGKAWI

The Datai's most frequent guest has clocked more than 50 visits since the hotel's opening in 1993. Though my own tally isn't nearly as high, I feel a similar affinity for this island classic every time I descend its zigzagging staircase to the beach. It's the unfussy atmosphere that gets me. Kerry Hill's understated, tropical-chic design remains timeless, even after French architect Didier Lefort zhuzhed up the teakwood-accented rooms with design influences from the area, including brass inspired by Malay warrior shields and specially designed daybeds and stools. The indoor-outdoor spa never fails to impress, and the new sustainability center, where I made soap from kitchen scraps, is a blast. But it's the simplest joys I return for, like watching hornbills swoop past my suite's patio, hearing langurs ruffle the foliage overhead, and joining the early-morning rain-forest expeditions. *From $530; thedatai.com* CHRIS SCHALKX

the thing I love about
THE MARK, New York City

“At night, in bed, I dream about The Mark's hot-dog cart, parked like a spiffed-up Sabrett stand under a black-and-white umbrella outside the hotel. Jean-Georges Vongerichten did the menu. Top a hot dog with his kimchi relish and you'll never reach for mustard again.”

—ERIN FLORIO

CRUISE

Seabourn Odyssey

Take it from me: After a week of white-glove service, spacious marble bathtubs, and on-demand in-suite caviar and Champagne, it will be hard to leave this 11-deck liner behind. But even though it has all the trappings of extreme luxury, the ship doesn't take itself too seriously. Just head to the marina on deck 2, where kayaks, inner tubes, and banana boats beckon when the ship anchors for a breezy afternoon between Caribbean ports. In Roseau, Dominica, be sure to follow my lead and sign up for the Seven Waterfalls Canyoning afternoon. Back on board, The Grill by Thomas Keller reaches the height of glamour with its tableside Caesar salad. But my personal favorite spot is the hidden hot tub at the bow. The views across the cerulean blues won't disappoint. *Seven-day sailings from $3,500 per person; seabourn.com* MADISON FLAGER

PHOTOGRAPH: CHRIS SCHALKX

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the gold list

LAKE COMO, ITALY

Grand Hotel Tremezzo

In an increasingly crowded Italian hospitality scene, Grand Hotel Tremezzo, which has been family-owned since it opened in 1910, has a charm that most of its successors can only dream of. Approaching the Liberty-style building that overlooks Lake Como feels like wandering onto the set of *The Grand Budapest Hotel,* a sensation that grows once you're inside the formal lobby, with its sweeping red-carpet staircase and gilt-framed mirrors. But the hotel still feels intimate thanks to its smaller cozy spaces, like a cocooning spa with Santa Maria Novella products and tucked-away bars and corner banquettes in the restaurant. There's also a covetable shop with brands like Chez Dede, a beautiful vintage wood boat for lake excursions, and the floating pool sitting on the lake—cinematic grandeur incarnate with its orange-and-white umbrellas and chic custom loungers. *From $743; grandhoteltremezzo.com* ONDINE COHANE

the thing I love about

SANTA MARINA, A LUXURY COLLECTION RESORT, Mykonos, Greece

Sipping a chilled glass of Assyrtiko and paddling the calm waves at the hotel's beach club as the yachts go by is the ultimate respite from the partying crowds."

—SHANNON MCMAHON

CRUISE

Discovery on the SILVER ORIGIN

SQUALLS ON SAN CRISTÓBAL, the easternmost island in the Galápagos, meant my fellow guests and I couldn't reach the *Silver Origin* until dusk, after a full day of travel that had begun in Quito. By then, the crisp white lines of the ship's eight decks had transformed into a mere frame for the windows' reflected drama of the cloud-flecked sunset over calm Pacific waters. It looked like a sanctuary, and that's what it proved to be, unfailingly, throughout our weeklong voyage.

Returning from an adventure among the blue-footed boobies and sea lions, we would be greeted with a smile from Juan Altamirano, the hotel director, and a drink that always seemed to be what we needed right then: a perfect hot chocolate or a fragrant canelazo, a traditional drink from the Ecuadoran Highlands made with cinnamon and cloves. Once aboard, we found an avowedly unostentatious style of luxury: a comfortably expensive atmosphere of low-slung seating and a palette of beige and taupe and cream, with lots of brassy accents; generous deck

PHOTOGRAPHS: KASIA GATKOWSKA, THE INGALLS, CHASE DANIEL

space for leisurely alfresco lunches; 51 cozy suites, each of which comes with a balcony and a butler; a hardworking little gym and a spa with a terrific masseuse; a stargazing platform that is also a prime vantage point for those epic Galápagos sunsets, not to mention the occasional dolphin sighting or distant lava flow.

What the *Silver Origin* never does is divert guests' attention from the true star of the show: the Galápagos themselves. Perhaps its greatest asset is its deeply knowledgeable, deeply passionate expedition guides, who take you onto these strange and wonderful islands via the Zodiacs—always using a sailor's grip!—to share their expertise about the archipelago's creatures, landscape, ecology, and history. Back on board, after the day's adventures are done, they dress up before delivering surprisingly engaging lectures about the islands, accompanied by cocktails and addictive bar snacks. Then it's off to dinner, perhaps a soak in the hot tub on an upper deck, a group sing-along with the piano player, and bed, before another island experience the next day. Throughout it all, the ship grounds its guests, never seeking to be an end in itself but rather a lens through which to view and understand one of the most extraordinary places on Earth. *Seven-day sailings from $10,750 per person; silversea.com* JESSE ASHLOCK

SHELTERS FROM THE STORM

There are city hotels, and then there are urban oases, which provide everything you need in the heart of it all. Take **Jumeirah Al Qasr,** part of a compound that includes more than 40 restaurants and bars, and loads of Arabian flair like hammam-style bathrooms, with the Dubai skyline visible wherever you go. In a different desert 8,000 miles west, the sleek **NoMad Las Vegas** has one of the sexiest cocktail bars on The Strip, all velvet and dim lights. The 293 restrained rooms and suites have Carrara marble and Bellino linens. The design is slightly more zhuzhed up at Auberge's **Commodore Perry Estate** (pictured), where the legendary Ken Fulks transformed a Texas mansion into a whimsical palace of patterned wallpapers and local antiques across 10 acres, just a stone's throw from central Austin.

the thing I love about
AMANSARA, Siem Reap, Cambodia

“Built in 1962, it's a masterpiece of New Khmer architecture, low-slung and curvy. The lovely modernist design offers a rare window onto the joyful, culturally vibrant moment between Cambodia's independence and civil war.”

—REBECCA MISNER

BUENOS AIRES

into the heart of JARDÍN ESCONDIDO

BUENOS AIRES IS A LIVELY TANGLE of fantastic restaurants and world-class museums—but I feel truly connected to the soul of the city when someone I barely know offers me a sip of their maté, or when I spy glasses of red wine dangling loosely from gesturing hands on the balconies of Art Nouveau buildings, precipitously close to being dropped to the sidewalk below. Jardín Escondido manages to capture that rare balance of cosmopolitan chic and small-town coziness—all in a seven-bedroom hotel in leafy Palermo Soho. Perhaps it's because the property was originally not a hotel at all but the private home of director Francis Ford Coppola. He bought the place while in Argentina working on his 2009 film *Tetro* and never fully left: Even since he converted it into a member of The Family Coppola Hideaways portfolio, staffers say, he still returns when he needs a place to write (and a taste of Malbec). Four rooms (Sofia and Ellie, and the Francis and Roman suites) retain the name of their former Coppola-family occupants. Besides adding star appeal, this Hollywood history turns every guest into a member of the extended Coppola family.

The candy-apple-red home, ensnared in foliage, is a big-city hideout with wine-country flavor: Think terra-cotta tiles, thick wool blankets, and colorful patterned throw pillows, an effortless aesthetic that extends to every room. There's no traditional lobby but a foyer and a living room with plush couches and Coppola's film collection. In the courtyard, a small emerald-toned pool is hugged by a tangle of elephant's ears and ferns. Nearby, a small staircase leads up to the garden terrace, draped in trellis heavy with vines and open for guests at all hours. There you can while away the hours sipping wines selected from the house bar by an

PHOTOGRAPHS: JARDÍN ESCONDIDO, KATHY VAN DULLEMEN

on-call sommelier, or reading a book snagged from the main house.

The personalized attention that guests at Jardín Escondido receive is rare. Each morning, herbs were picked from the garden around me to top my eggs. When the team noticed my love of maté, they began presenting me with a thermos every morning to take out into the city, a calming ritual I soon yearned for after checking out. When guests buy out the hotel, they can request services like calling in a master barbecuer so they can host their own parilla on the backyard grill. There is no on-site restaurant, no spa, and no gym—but that's what makes Jardín Escondido special. Here, luxury is soft-spoken and demonstrated in the quality of service. Every stay feels like a visit to a fabulous friend's home in one of the world's most culture-rich cities. *From $288; thefamilycoppolahideaways.com* MEGAN SPURRELL

the thing I love about
LA MAMOUNIA MARRAKECH

Upon arrival, you're greeted with a silver plate of dates and a cup of almond milk mixed with orange-blossom water. The tiny ritual of eating and drinking delivers you into the enchanted world of the hotel and Marrakech beyond.”

—JA

TASMANIA, AUSTRALIA

Pumphouse Point

Cradle Mountain–Lake St. Clair National Park protects some of the rarest forest on Earth, dating from the epoch before Tasmania drifted away from the Australian mainland. On the lake's edge, connected to land by an exposed 780-foot flume jetty, sits this hotel. Most of its 19 rooms and suites, which have low-key interiors with industrial-style lighting and fixtures, are located in the three-story Pumphouse. My pick of the suites is The Retreat, a very private love shack featuring a plethora of Tasmanian ceramics. The meditation and yoga offerings inside a new glass- and wood-lined pod help tamp down the urge to use the Wi-Fi, as do the forest trails and rowboats that guests can take out to spot platypuses; you can often see wallabies from the breakfast room. After a brisk hike, I love cozying up to a blazing fire in the Pumphouse lounge, raiding the honesty bar stocked with hard-to-source Tasmanian wines, and watching the weather roll in. *From $360; pumphousepoint.com.au* HELEN ANDERSON

Hot spring–fed pools at the Ojo Caliente spa, midpoint between Santa Fe and Taos.

Opposite: The snowy mountainscape around Ghost Ranch, the site of Georgia O'Keeffe's former home and studio, located about 60 miles northwest of Santa Fe

DESERT HIGHS

In winter, northern New Mexico's stark, soul-piercing beauty is on full display. Candice Rainey traverses the storied region, which has attracted generations of artists, and finds it's still a hotbed of creativity—as well as a great place to ski

Photographs by Jack Johns

IT DOESN'T ADD UP, COSMICALLY SPEAKING.

That's the only way I can describe the insane nature that came at me from all directions as I hiked with my family on a near-empty, piñon-lined trail in northern New Mexico. One moment we were staring at the snowy barbed peaks of the Sangre de Cristo mountain range under a searingly blue sky; the next, our hiking guide Karen, a 30-something savant of the state's native fauna who managed to make one of those wide-brim hats with a chin cord look cool, was pointing out some other topographic wonder. "There's the Rio Grande, and over there is the Santa Fe National Forest. If you look west, you'll see the Valles Caldera." The caldera is a 13-mile-wide meadow, all that's left of a massive volcanic eruption that took place 1.25 million years ago. The verdant depression stands in stark contrast to the otherworldly high desert surrounding it.

All to say, words fail. Well, for me anyway. The problem with trying to say anything about the region's beckoning sunlight, fathomless desert, and All. That. Sky is that so many artists have already done so. "The moment I saw the brilliant, proud morning shine high up over the deserts of Santa Fe something stood still in my soul." Yeah, I'm not touching D. H. Lawrence.

Northern New Mexico's seemingly limitless landscape is the kind that prompts mere mortals to ask the big questions. This has made it a magnet for writers and artists, perhaps most famously Georgia O'Keeffe, not to mention Agnes Martin, N. Scott Momaday, Denise Chávez, Willa Cather, Julia Cameron, Judy Chicago, Dennis Hopper, Val Kilmer (and this is the abbreviated list). Even now—maybe especially now, as people rethink their priorities and work becomes more flexible—the region is luring young creatives from Austin, LA, New York. The fashion designer Raquel Allegra recently renovated her dream home outside Taos, which she calls Many Feathers Ranch and rents out on Airbnb when she's not using it. Jay and Alison Carroll, founders of the Joshua Tree–based lifestyle brand Wonder Valley, bought and updated Santa Fe's El Rey Court, an

From far left: Textures on the patio at the Inn of the Five Graces hotel, in historic downtown Santa Fe; sun and shadow at Taos Ski Valley; at Paloma in Santa Fe, a Oaxacan Negroni and a slice of guava-piñon marzipan tart with guava sorbet

86-room Pueblo Revival hideaway that opened in 1936, installing a record player in the lobby and draping Navajo blankets over wooden furniture by artist Dan John Anderson.

Northern New Mexico has had a cool factor for generations, though. A newer reason to visit is the ski scene, which has none of the lift lines and traffic jams of Colorado or Utah. My idea for this trip was to pack up all of the family ski gear and head out for a week with my husband, Chris, and my daughter, Emma. We'd start with a few days in Santa Fe, hitting the slopes outside town and feeding our souls with art when our legs couldn't take it anymore. Then we'd make the pilgrimage to Taos Ski Valley, a traditionalist's mountain that's had a recent facelift but managed to hang on to its communal magic. We'd also dip into Taos town proper, where longtime resident Dennis Hopper famously invited Hollywood pals like Jack Nicholson to hang out at his ranch and do, well, drugs.

The word *culture* gets thrown around a lot when people describe Santa Fe. One reason is that it's the rare American city in which you can feel the presence of centuries of human history—first the Pueblo people, who inhabited the area a millennium or two ago, and later the Spanish, who moved in during the early 17th century. This characteristic has led to a second aspect of Santa Fe culture: an astonishing number of museums for a city of its size.

On our first day we are blessed with a foot of fresh snow, which floats like a soufflé on our mud-brick deck. We're supposed to head to Site Santa Fe, a nonprofit contemporary-arts space currently exhibiting large-scale installations by Helen Pashgian. But the day's plans are quickly rearranged on account of powder. We head to Ski Santa Fe, a still-rugged locals' resort a half hour from town. Once you start making turns around this basin's snow-tipped pines in that ubiquitous New Mexico sun, you can't believe the place isn't more crowded.

“Mom, let’s rip Muerte again,” Emma shouts as she jump-turns in the feathery snow. Retirees living their best life, skiing on a Tuesday, some with cigarettes dangling from their lips, make up the majority of other skiers. Many know one another and congregate at Totemoff’s Bar and Grill, a mid-mountain cafeteria that feels unchanged since the ’80s. There’s even Tram Car Bar, where all-day-après types can keep the hot toddies coming without having to stand in line inside.

“If we’re not careful, we’ll stay here all day,” says Chris, grinning like an idiot between sips of cold draft beer. I wonder if museum-hopping is off the table today, and also whether I care. When the conditions of happiness—heaps of snow, all that profound sunshine, warming cocktails—are so irrefutably present, it seems karmically rude to deny them.

The next morning, my daughter and husband abandon me at the last minute to return to the ski resort. I opt to do what we were supposed to do yesterday. To be honest, I’m giddy at the prospect of seeing art all day without hearing, “Cool. How much longer?” Most tourists start their art pilgrimage at Canyon Road, a half-mile, gallery-lined stretch of adobe buildings dating back to the 1700s. Those who prefer their art interactive and Instagrammable might instead head to Meow Wolf, a trippy performative installation birthed by a local artist collective in partnership with *Game of Thrones* author George R.R. Martin, another notable Santa Fe resident.

But I start at Site Santa Fe, an intimate contemporary-art space with global cred, to see the hard-to-come-by work of Pashgian, the most prominent female member of the 1960s Light and Space movement. I sit on a bench contemplating a hulking circular lens, a sculptural installation that brightens and dims, rewiring my brain a bit. “Is that thing floating?” I ask myself before getting up to wander through 12 glowing columns.

“The biggest misconception is that we are a tourist town,” Louis Grachos, executive director of Site, tells me. “There is a very generous and supportive community in Santa Fe that artists have taken note of.” He describes an exhibit he’s working on with New York–based Choctaw-Cherokee multidisciplinary artist Jeffrey Gibson, which will include a performance piece and a mural. Santa Fe’s reputation as a bastion of historical and contemporary art is a draw for artists like Gibson seeking proximity to like-minded creators and a curious audience.

Another fulcrum of this community is IAIA

The 21,000-acre Ghost Ranch currently operates as a retreat and education center

From left: Ceramicist Kimmy Rohrs in her Santa Fe studio Whiskey & Clay; the contemporary-art space Site Santa Fe

Opposite: A fire keeps things cozy at Rosewood Inn of the Anasazi; the first glimpse of the mountains on the road from Santa Fe to Taos

Museum of Contemporary Native Arts (MoCNA), a downtown institution linked to The Institute of American Indian Arts. As I stroll the hallways, scoping out works like *Sitting Bull and Einstein,* a 1990 etching by the late Ojibwa printmaker Carl Beam, I meet Solomon Enos, an artist from Hawaii. He's saying hi to everyone from atop a ladder where he is painting a sweeping mural, unselfconsciously doing what he loves. It makes me think of something the American visual artist Corita Kent, also known as Sister Mary Corita, once said about making art: "The only rule is work."

We head out in the dark to Taos Ski Valley, about a two-and-half-hour drive northwest. Everyone in the car is eager to get on the mountain, but I make an executive decision to stop in Taos proper, an artsy town with its own unreal inventory of current and former residents, including Hopper, Julia Roberts, and Millicent Rogers. We spend the morning at the Agnes Martin Gallery at the Harwood Museum of Art. Before her death, Martin, another Taos local, would visit frequently, sitting on benches made by fellow artist Donald Judd. Afterward, we scoop up chocolate bars at Chokola Bean To Bar for breakfast (we're on vacation) and make for the mountain.

I've heard plenty about Taos Ski Valley's technically challenging terrain, the epic snowstorms that have dumped 300-plus inches so far this season, and the warning signs plastered everywhere blaring that if you can't "self-arrest"—i.e., stop—don't come around these parts. Founded in the 1950s by Ernie and Rhoda Blake, who lived out of a camper at the beginning, Taos has always been known as an expert's-expert resort. Still, like many independent resorts, it was starting to show its age when hedge-fund manager Louis Bacon bought it from the Blake family in 2014. He invested $300 million in a much-needed facelift, upgrading the snow-making capabilities, thoughtfully expanding the terrain to make it more accessible for beginners and intermediate skiers, and introducing La Gondolita, which takes families to the ski school. "Our mantra is better, not bigger." says David Norden, Taos Ski Valley's chief executive officer, who meets me in a plush log cabin at the base of the resort. "We've undergone a major revitalization, but we did it while maintaining the soul of the sport and of this place."

Norden explains how the iconic resort became the first in North America to go through the painstaking process of becoming a certified B Corp, a designation shared with other purpose-driven brands like Aesop and Patagonia. The new chairlifts and snow-making guns run entirely on solar power; Taos Ski Valley even has an electric snow cat. For its efforts, the resort earned a coveted CarbonNeutral® certification in 2022. As Norden walks me over to a giant map of the property, he asks me if I like the steeps. "Yes," I reply. "Yes, I do." He shows me a few favorite hikes (where you throw your skis on your shoulders and hoof it to "earn your turns") and finally points to Kachina Peak. "Have you been here?" he asks. "That's definitely where you need to spend some time today."

It used to take 45 minutes to hike up to Kachina Peak, the mountain's summit. From there, on any of the 300 days of sunshine that this area receives, you can clearly see the ancient Taos Pueblo, a UNESCO World Heritage Site still inhabited by the Red Willow people that was, prior to COVID-19, open to visitors. In 2014, the resort installed a lift to the peak, making it feasible to lap one of the most dramatic vertical runs in the country. Cranky traditionalists didn't love it, but I myself am not one of those and gladly sidestep up toward the lift with Emma. Skiing Kachina is something we never would have done together, no matter how many peanut-butter M&Ms I tried to bribe her with, had we been faced with a crushing hike.

We unload from the lift and look down, gripping our edges well above the treeline, giving us a straight shot of…all of New Mexico? That's how high up we felt. The word *exposed* comes to mind. "Are you ready?" I ask. I think Emma nods. We hit the death moguls first because they are everywhere—a trail of white dust floating behind us. Then we skate down an open field, the snow softening up. We pick up speed, turning sharply, fueled by the kind of dopamine rush that can come only from scary fun.

We make a few trips after that—up and down, up and down. That kind of unfettered access to speed is addictive. By around one o'clock we feel like we've run a marathon and are in need of fluids. We're about to head to the Bavarian, which is exactly what it sounds like, a German-style beer hall that trades in steins and brats. "One more time?" my daughter asks, as if she realizes, too, that this kind of rush is very much a "here and now" opportunity. "Just one more," I say. But who are we kidding?

NORTHERN NEW MEXICO IN WINTER

SANTA FE

CHECK IN

Rosewood Inn of the Anasazi
The rare hotel that's in the middle of everything but isn't at all touristy. Everything feels authentic because it is, including the beamed viga ceilings, kiva fireplaces in every room, and antique Navajo rugs throughout.

Bishop's Lodge, Auberge Resorts Collection
This newly renovated century-old resort sits on some serious acreage, backing right up against the Santa Fe National Forest. It's only about a 15-minute drive to Santa Fe, if you can tear yourself away from the outdoor firepits and stargazing.

Ten Thousand Waves
This Japanese-inspired onsen is one of those places you book first, then plan the rest of the trip around. Soak among the piñon pines in one of several private hot tubs, then keep the ryokan-themed night going by eating dinner at its restaurant, Izanami.

WHERE TO EAT

Dolina Cafe & Bakery
Locals line up for the flaky croissants and delicate apple-walnut strudel, not to mention strong espresso that will gas you up for a day of museum-hopping or skiing, at this Eastern European–inflected bakery.

Cafe Pasquals
They've been doing the local, sustainable thing here for 44 years in a split-level dining room with vintage Mexican tile everywhere. Breakfast is served until 3 p.m. (it's that good). Two words: corn pancakes.

Paloma
You'd still come, even if the Mexican food weren't so unthinkably good, to sip a Tradicional—mezcal, orange juice, cinnamon tincture, and hibiscus-infused Grand Marnier. Fair warning: You will never want to eat store-bought tortillas after trying the blue ones here, made by hand every morning.

WHAT TO SEE

The **Georgia O'Keeffe Museum, Site Santa Fe,** the **IAIA Museum of Contemporary Native Arts,** and the gallery strip known as **Canyon Road** are all musts for art lovers. Make time for the Alexander Girard collection (he was one of the most influential textile designers of the 20th century) at the **Museum of International Folk Art,** and pop into **Shiprock Santa Fe,** which specializes in Navajo art and textiles.

WHERE TO SHOP

Sub Rosa Mercantile stocks souvenirs with soul, like oracle decks, ceramics, and candles to ward off bad vibes. Stellar silver jewelry can be found at the **Palace of the Governors,** made by Native artists who set up shop on the porch everyday. At **Good Folk** there are locally made wood carvings and paintings.

Clockwise from top left:
Morning light at El Rey Court hotel, on old Route 66, about four miles outside downtown Santa Fe;
a refurbished water tower in the city's artsy Railyard District;
a curated selection of clothes, textiles, and art at Santa Fe Vintage

48
MINNEQUA

HORSEHEADS

TAOS

CHECK IN

The Blake at Taos Ski Valley
If your plan while in Taos is mostly to ski, you can't beat this Euro-inspired slope-side lodge with on-call "Hausmeisters" who attend to whatever you need via text; a saltwater pool; and floor-to-ceiling archival ski photos by Dick Durrance.

WHERE TO EAT

Mucho Gusto Donuts
Grab a dozen handmade, powdered-sugar mini doughnuts at this little A-frame with outdoor seating next to La Gondolita.

The Bavarian
The problem with this old-world mid-mountain spot at the base of Lift 4 is that once you sit down in the sunshine with a beer stein in one hand and a bratwurst in the other, chances of your getting back out are slim to none.

OFF THE SLOPES

When you need a break, take the 30-minute drive to Taos plaza, where you'll find the **Agnes Martin Gallery** at the **Harwood Museum of Art,** the second-oldest art institution in the state. Be sure to stop at **Chokola Bean To Bar,** which you'll likely leave carrying armfuls of their small- batch bars that spotlight the work of Taoseños artists on the wrappers; they make great gifts if they make it home. For dinner, make a reservation at **The Love Apple,** housed in the 154-year-old former Placitas Chapel, which focuses on local, organic dishes like tamales and Oaxacan-style mole.

BACK AT THE TABLE

A buzz has returned to Barcelona, percolating through progressive eateries and stylish boutiques in the city's emerging enclaves. Paul Richardson goes exploring

Photographs by Maureen M. Evans

Berbena, chef Carlos Pérez de Rozas's simple but sophisticated 24-seat spot in the Gràcia district

Opposite page: Creative, contemporary Catalan fare at Deliri

bar-ce-lo-na …

The word has a natural lilt, a melody that builds to a pitch and gently subsides like a wavelet breaking on a Mediterranean shore. At melancholy moments, when skies are gray and the mood is glum, I murmur the word to myself and a tiny charge of dopamine fires inside my brain.

I first fell for Barcelona as a teenage backpacker in the 1980s, when this was still a rough-and-tumble town, a harbor city that smelled of fish and bad plumbing. But then came the Olympic Games—31 years ago, almost the total of my subsequent life in Spain—and a process of urban transformation so sweeping and so successful (a cleaned-up waterfront, downtown neighborhoods brought back from decrepitude), it made the city the envy of the world. The times since have felt like golden years: Gaudí and modernista masterpieces revealed and restored; a tree-lined avenue in the once-sleazy Raval to rival the famous Ramblas; a creative food scene; and an ever-expanding set of boutique hotels, each new entry more impressive than the one before.

And now here I am again, strolling down the Ramblas in the spring sunshine, feeling as if I've never been away—and almost as if the pandemic never happened. I recognize in my fellow strollers

the particular rhythm of Barcelona walking, unhurried but purposeful. I'm reminded that here, even more than in most cosmopolitan cities, it pays to look both downward, at the sidewalks with their curious and elegant designs, and upward at the watery blue sky, which curves to meet the dusky-green hills and the rooftops of buildings adorned with whimsical turrets and Art Nouveau fripperies.

Turning off the main drag into the dark streets of the old town, however, I find that memory no longer serves. This morning, the alleys around the Gothic Cathedral of Barcelona, usually a babel of global voices, are uncannily quiet. Many of the shop fronts are hidden behind metal shutters; some seem to be permanently closed. For several years the residents of central Barcelona had been up in arms about over-tourism, the cruise industry, and the deleterious effects of Airbnb as it squeezed local life from the city center. Then COVID-19 struck, and suddenly there was no tourism at all. Businesses quickly went bust—most dramatically, the whole of Albert Adrià's molecular gastronomy empire, only recently resuscitated with the reopening of Enigma in May.

But Barcelona has endured far worse knockouts than this. In 1348, as much as 60 percent of the city's population was wiped out by the Black Death. And post-COVID lockdowns, the city is already up on its feet—as I soon discover in Poblenou, the former light-industrial quarter behind Bogatell Beach, where I'm meeting up with Brian Gallagher. An architecture graduate from Dublin, Gallagher settled in Barcelona in 2009 and now runs Barcelona Design Tours, a bespoke tour company specializing in showing—as the name implies—design-forward parts of the city, among them the up-and-coming district of Poblenou. We stand by the gherkin-shaped Torre Glòries, a towering, kaleidoscopic skyscraper designed by Jean Nouvel (in which a spectacular top-floor lookout opened last year), while he tells me all about the plans to further improve the area with parks and public housing as Poblenou grows into its new role as a digital barrio bristling with tech start-ups.

Gallagher's tour takes in stately modern buildings by big-name Catalan architects as well as repurposed ones, such as the Can Framis Museum—a former textile factory, the building now houses philanthropist Antoni Vila Casas's collection of contemporary Catalan art; and Sala Beckett, a 1920s trade-union HQ converted into a theater with carefully preserved original interiors. We visit the old Encants flea market, crowned with a gleaming

Above, from left: Chef Jordi Vilà of Alkimia; poolside cabanas on the rooftop of The Hoxton, Poblenou

Opposite, from left: The undulating façade of an apartment building in Poblenou; classic, unfussy tapas like boquerónes en vinagre con aceitunas (anchovies in vinegar with olives) dominate the menu at old-school haunt Gelida mirrored roof by architect Fermín Vázquez, soaring more than 80 feet above the bustling shoppers. All over the barrio, new-wave coffee bars, bike-repair shops, and coworking spaces sit cheek by jowl with old-fashioned bakeries and vintage bars. "I love the way that modern Poblenou is somehow sewn into the existing fabric of the neighborhood," he says.

It's a process that was underway well before the pandemic, but this latest wave has finally shifted the focus away from the tourist clusters at the center of the city and toward points further afield that are nonetheless brimming with local life. Barcelona in its newest phase is about encouraging us to get out more—to branch out to barrios such as Gràcia, just above Avinguda Diagonal—once a separate town, now a neighborhood that retains its charming village feel—or Sants-Montjuïc, a downtown district behind the railway station of the same name, which still feels like a genuine, un-Instagrammed community going about its daily business.

Another part of town begging to be explored is Sant Antoni, by Avinguda del Parallel at the lower eastern end of Eixample. For an insider view of this lively, formerly working-class district, I call Tommy Tang, one half of the Australian couple who kicked off Sant Antoni's recent renaissance—not to mention introducing Barcelona to the concept of brunch—with their Federal Café in 2010 (now with outposts in Girona, Sitges, Valencia, and Madrid).

We saunter through the barrio as he points out the area's novelties. The intersection of del Parlament and del Comte Borrell is now traffic-free, with trees and benches—an impromptu square for socializing. Tang explains this is one of five "superblocks" created by progressive mayor Ada Colau and another step forward for quality of life here. When Tang and his partner Crick King first bought their building on Calle del Parlament in 2008, there was no café culture in the area. The Mercat de Sant Antoni, one of 39 produce markets in the city, was in chronic decline, with just a fraction of its dingy stalls still up and running. "Now look at it!" says Tang, grinning. On a street corner we admire the great pavilion's ornate ironwork, a rich shade of brick red, resplendent after a nine-year restoration. Then we dive into the market, which gleams with new tiles and stainless-steel counters, where locals make daily runs for vegetables and fish, fresh meat and charcuterie. "This is a real community market, none of your fancy gastro stuff," says Tang. "Of course, it's a huge draw for the neighborhood."

Back on Parlament, we pass Maleducat, a small restaurant with a black-green awning and the subtitle Casa de Menjars, or "food house." Maleducat (which means "rude") exemplifies a major trend: the neighborhood joint with just a handful of tables. The dining room has a sober, workman-like look about it. When I stop by later on my own, the sizzling creativity of the lunchtime menu—from hare in a crispy phyllo pastry roll with a chocolate-infused dipping sauce to a sublime fish suquet in a refined, contemporary Catalan style—takes me by surprise.

Gastronomic reinvention is afoot in other ways too. When I head to Anímic, the current hot spot for esmorzars de forquilla (the traditional Catalan big breakfast of grilled meats and rich stews, once again a thing), maître d' Jonathan Viol sits me down with a prawn croqueta and says something that stays with me all week: "After what we've been through, it's about renewing ourselves every day." The sentiment captures everything about where Barcelona is at right now.

Somewhat muted during the workweek, the city springs to life on Friday nights. In the crosshatched streets of upper Eixample, with their elegant apartment blocks, well-turned-out sons and daughters of the Catalan bourgeoisie are shopping, or sipping and laughing on the terraces of lively cocktail bars. This weekend I'm hanging out with a friend, Lluís Castellar, who was born and raised in Eixample and still lives in the family home—a top-floor apartment with a view of the surrounding hills, Montjuïc and Tibidabo, and the soaring, ornate towers of the Sagrada Família.

Chef Jordi Vilà offers a single, seafood-forward tasting menu at Alkimia, his modernist fine dining spot

Opposite: Inside Marea Verde, a flower shop housed in an early 20th-century former pharmacy

Saturday dawns clear and mild, with a brightness in the air that feels like a reflection of the sea. We set off downtown on the gentle slope from Plaça de Catalunya, threading through the legendary quarters of the Barri Gòtic and the Born. Castellar peppers the walk with tales of his youth—his mother's preferred bakery; the attic apartment of his first girlfriend. In the Plaça Reial, its prettiness undimmed by years as a tourist honey trap, we sit beside the fountain before continuing toward the beach.

In pre-Olympics times, my friend recalls, the old town was a virtual no-go zone, a grimy place of drugs and prostitution. In recent decades, it has metamorphosed into a barrio of boutiques and fine-food emporiums, gastronomy, and culture. Passing the Museu Picasso, we see another gallery has opened in the medieval mansion next door: the Moco Museum, home to the fabulous contemporary haul amassed by Dutch collectors Lionel and Kim Logchies. Around the corner, on Carrer del Duc, we find the Kimpton Vividora, one of several fresh-faced hotels to have debuted around the pandemic.

On the mezzanine of a tiny workshop in a narrow backstreet, a woman in her 20s is busy at a sewing machine. The Barcelona of creators and craftspeople has also experienced a recent revival, with a handmade heritage dating back centuries. On our Saturday outing through the alleys of the Born, we find an entire ecosystem of jewelers, designers, painters, and leather- and woodworkers, busy in their studios.

A steady stream of weekenders is drifting toward Barceloneta beach, already in shorts and shades, bearing impromptu picnics, cans of beer, and ice creams. We find a spot on the sand and lounge away the rest of the afternoon. "This place was horrible in the old days," says Castellar. "My parents wouldn't let us come here. The beach was full of trash, the water was dirty." I decide to strip off and stride into the water, as clear as a gin and tonic and almost as cold, looking back toward the beach and the city basking in the golden afternoon light.

At sunset, we go back the way we came, stopping for a beer and a tapa in a spot that has just rolled up its shutters for the first time in a long while. Castellar buys a copy of *La Vanguardia*—its weekend section leads with the year's choicest hotel openings. Outside the church Santa Maria del Mar, I see my first tour group, returning like birds after a two-year winter. Unhurriedly but purposefully, like the pedestrians on its tree-lined avenues, Barcelona is on the move again.

MESTRES
TORRADORS
Casa Gispert
MAGATZEM DE
QUEVIURES
CAFÈS

Clockwise from top: Deliri chef and owner David Morera preps for service; outside specialty shop Casa Gispert; a plate of squid carpaccio at Gats

BARÇA BOUND

stay

Kimpton Vividora Barcelona
Local design firm El Equipo Creativo clearly had a blast dreaming up this fizzy 156-key spot, a stylishly chic new boutique hotel that belies its address in touristy Barri Gòtic. On display are a happy mix of millennial pink walls, quirky lighting, and hydraulic-tiled floors. *Doubles from $237; kimpton vividorahotel.com*

The Barcelona Edition
Set on an airy corner between the Cathedral of Barcelona and Santa Caterina Market, this sumptuous addition to the city's hotel scene favors the bold, with gilded baroque mirrors, Dalí-designed armchairs, and modern art by Eric Smith and Carlos Coronas—plus gorgeous interventions like the spiral staircase in pearly white marble. *Doubles from $320; editionhotels.com*

The Hoxton Poblenou
Hoxton's first Spanish outpost offers a retro-hip take on Mediterranean style—all earthy tones, woven tapestries, and zellige-tiled bathrooms—in one of the city's trendiest neighborhoods. The rooftop, with its poolside cabanas and buzzy taqueria, has unmatched views of the skyline—including the fantastical Sagrada Família. *Doubles from $179; thehoxton.com*

eat

Casa Amàlia
For 70 years, the Lavina family ran this neighborhood mainstay; the new owners have overhauled the decor and the menus but kept the relationship with the nearby Mercat de la Concepció, serving the city's best jamón-and-béchamel canelons and paella marinera. *Dinner for two, about $62; casaamalia.com*

Ultramarinos Marín
Behind an unassuming shop front southeast of Avinguda Diagonal lies this spot from chef Borja García, who hauls in fresh fare directly from fishing boats. *Dinner for two, about $56; ultra marinosmarin.com*

Compartir
The team behind Disfrutar—Spain's worthiest successor to El Bulli—has opened a bright and breezily informal tapas option in the heart of Eixample. *Dinner for two, about $51; compartir barcelona.com*

Alkimia
The Spanish-tile floors that line this contemporary space hint at what chef Jordi Vilà's menu is all about: the past, present, and future of Catalan cuisine. *Dinner for two, about $338; alkimia.cat*

Casa Gispert
Opened in 1851 but newly renovated, this legendary grocer's shop is famous for its locally sourced nuts, which are roasted on-site in an ancient wood-fired oven. *casagispert.com*

Gats
Elevated tapas like octopus carpaccio with olive and crispy diced cod with romesco emerge as if by magic from the kitchen of this loftlike space. *Dinner for two, about $68; encompaniadelobos.com/gats/*

Deliri
At his cozy, brick-walled spot below street level, chef David Morera nods to his roots with dishes like macarras de l'avia; the plate of macaroni stewed in tomato sauce is inspired by his grandmother. *Dinner for two, about $90*

Gelida
This is a true local's spot, where pints of Estrella wash down classic comfort dishes like fried sardines and beef with chickpeas—always served with country bread to sop up all of the juices. *Dinner for two, about $24*

Berbena
The robust wine list and excellent tapas at chef Carlos Pérez de Rozas's relaxed spot make it all too easy to linger. *Dinner for two, about $80; berbenabcn.com*

HOMELAND ELEGY

Moved by the tales he heard from his father as a boy, Saki Knafo takes his family to Morocco's Anti-Atlas mountains to connect with his Jewish heritage

حلاق
COIFFEUR

Moorish architecture reflected in a hairdresser's window in a Moroccan medina.

Opposite page: The verdant hideaway of Dar al Hossoun, in Taroudant, on the southern coast

PHOTOGRAPHS: MATTHIEU SALVAING, DAVID EDWARDS

One of the first stories I remember is the one my father used to tell me about our family's origins. My dad explained that it began with my "great-great-great-great"-grandfather, who lived in the Anti-Atlas mountains of southern Morocco. One day, all of the Jewish men in the village were ordered to convert (in my father's strange phrase) "on the pain of death." They refused. Fifty of them were burned alive in a bonfire. Our forefather, Maklouf, and his grown sons were among them, but his wife, whose name has been lost to time, fled the village with her

The white-and-blue architecture of Essaouira, beyond the city walls

Opposite page, from top: A cozy space inside Dar al Hossoun; mounds of olives and fruits from a vendor in Essaouira baby boy. After weeks of trekking across the harsh terrain that stretched from the mountains down to the coast, she somehow reached the gates of her hometown, Essaouira, a walled port city at the crossroads of the great trading routes of the Atlantic and the Sahara.

In time she recounted the saga to her son Moshe, who grew up to become a scribe remembered for his beautiful handwriting. He in turn told it to his son Yosef, a rabbinical scholar known for both his height and his humility; Yosef told it to his son David, a rabbi admired for his fairness as an arbiter of disputes; and David told it to his son Isaac, a painter, writer, and raconteur who memorized Cyrano de Bergerac and the poems of Victor Hugo. Isaac told it to my father, Hai, a conceptual artist who drove a cab in New York before landing a job as a renderer of pointillist pen-and-ink portraits for the *Wall Street Journal.*

One morning last May, I left my wife and our one-year-old daughter by the pool at our resort in the beach town of Agadir and set off for the place where it all began. As a kid, I had never imagined that the village of Oufrane Atlas Saghir was a location you could actually visit. Yet there I was, heading south on the road that leads into the rugged Anti-Atlas.

Sitting beside me was my father's cousin Régine, a retired accountant. She wore a glittery blouse and hexagonal sunglasses studded with rhinestones. She'd always had a certain pizazz about her. At 88, she still travels alone and, until a few years ago, drank red wine every night before a tooth infection forced her to switch to beer. Although she left Morocco for Paris when she was 20, she had been back to visit many times. When she heard about my plans to travel to Oufrane, she declared that she would be coming along. Now she was looking out the window at the expanse of arid hills dotted with scrub. "Magnifique!" she exclaimed. "Incroyable!"

After four hours, we arrived at our destination, a cluster of boxy houses surrounded by barren brown slopes. A man in a white turban and a blue caftan met us by the roadside and introduced himself as the guardian of the Jewish cemetery. He led us on a hike up a dry riverbed outside town, Régine clutching our hands as we crunched and wobbled over the rocks. We climbed up the riverbank and came to a shoulder-high wall. The guardian unlocked a metal door with an old-fashioned key. A field of jagged, copper-brown stones sprawled before us. Looking closely, we could see that some of the stones had Hebrew letters carved into them. Régine hobbled from one to

PHOTOGRAPHS: CATHERINE MEAD, MATTHIEU SALVAING, ELISE HASSEY

another, wiping dust from the letters with a tissue, but as far as she could tell, none of them said "Knafo." Farther along, the charred remains of a campfire built by recent visitors marked what our guide said was sacred ground: the exact spot where our ancestors had been burned.

There are a few thousand Jews living in Morocco now, but as late as the 1940s, there were a quarter of a million. They were merchants and farmers and leather workers. They knotted carpets, fashioned ornate silver jewelry, and played Andalusian orchestral music. They were inextricably embedded into Moroccan culture and society. Then, in the two decades following Morocco's independence from France in 1956, almost all of them left.

There is no single answer as to why. The Zionist movement had something to do with it. So did the promise of economic opportunity in Canada and France. One thing that is clear is that they haven't been forgotten. Throughout the trip, I kept meeting people who seemed nostalgic for the days when the Jews were around. One guy pointed to a hole in the ground that used to be a spring. The water dried up, he claimed, when the Jews went away. Others insisted that the Jews had lived in blissful harmony with their Muslim neighbors—"like brothers." I wanted to believe this, but I had my doubts. Granted, what happened to our forefather and his sons in Oufrane was, by all accounts, an aberration: Jews generally fared better in Morocco than in other Muslim countries, and, for most of history, they fared far better in Muslim countries than in Europe. Still, under the Muslim dynasties that ruled Morocco for more than 1,000 years before the French took over, Jews didn't have the same rights and freedoms as Muslims. And although the French colonial government eventually accorded special privileges to some Jews, this only served to deepen the divisions between them and their fellow Moroccans (which may have been the goal). The establishment of Israel in 1948 drove the wedge deeper.

I was thinking about all of this later on, trying to reconcile the rosy narrative people painted for me with the darker stories I'd heard all my life, when my family and I arrived in Taroudant, a city cradled in the alluvial basin between the High Atlas and Anti-Atlas ranges, some 50 miles inland from Agadir. The turreted walls wrapped around the town reflected the glow of the afternoon sun. They've been standing since the 16th century, when they were

Clockwise from top left: On the streets of Taroudant; private gardens in Taroudant; serving Berber tea in the Atlas Mountains; antiques for sale in Taroudant

Opposite page, from top: Traditional chicken tagine; a popular way to get around the Atlas Mountains

PHOTOGRAPHS: ELISE HASSEY, MATTHIEU SALVAING, DAVID EDWARDS, SOPHIA VAN DEN HOEK

built to keep out Portuguese invaders. Today they attract tourists, though not too many. On the streets of the medina, most of the stalls sold things that locals needed: plastic bins in fluorescent colors, miscellaneous pieces of agricultural equipment.

I'd come to Taroudant because I'd read that it was a stronghold of Amazigh culture. The Amazigh, or "Berber" people—*Berber,* a term used by foreigners, comes from the same Latin root as *barbarian*—are the Indigenous people of North Africa. According to local legend, many of the Jews who used to live in the mountains of Morocco descended from Amazigh tribes that converted to Judaism as far back as 2,500 years ago, when Phoenician conquerors made their way along the North African coast, possibly with some Israelites in their boats. Arab soldiers swept through the region centuries later, overcoming fierce Amazigh resistance. Today Morocco is generally thought of as an Arab country, but its rulers never fully succeeded in suppressing the Amazigh language and culture.

That night, we stayed at Dar al Hossoun, a hotel set among the olive groves outside the city walls. Its modern-rustic buildings of wood and baked earth overlooked an extraordinary botanical garden bursting with desert plants from around the world—cacti, agaves, kalanchoes, aloes, euphorbias. It had originally served as the home of Eric Ossart and Arnaud Maurières, landscape architects from France who came to Taroudant to work for Farah Diba Pahlavi, the widow of the last Shah of Iran.

Sitting in the hotel garden that evening, I had a long conversation with Marouane, a soft-spoken Amazigh man who worked there. After I recounted my family's history in Oufrane, he revealed that his family had a story that was almost a mirror image of ours. According to a tale they'd passed through generations, they had once been Jewish. Around the same time that my ancestor and his sons chose death over conversion, his ancestors, sensibly enough, chose survival. Many Amazigh people had stories like that, he told me. This is why, he said, the Amazigh people felt a strong kinship with Jews. After all, if these stories were true, we were once all related. Marouane did not try to convince me that the Jews had always been happy in Morocco. Amazigh Muslims had endured discrimination and oppression too. But he noted that the restrictions placed on Jews had been enforced most strictly in big cities, where the country's powerful elites held sway. In the Amazigh hinterlands, where the grip of the authorities was relatively weak, Jewish and Muslim neighbors did live in close harmony with one another. Later, reading up on the Jews of Oufrane, I learned something that I didn't remember ever hearing before. According to the book *Jewish Morocco,* by the historian Emily Gottreich, 10 of the Jewish villagers were saved from the bonfire by their Muslim neighbors.

My father's hometown, Essaouira, was built on a tongue of land that sticks out into the Atlantic. A sandy beach stretches along one side, bending toward a harbor filled with blue fishing skiffs. On the other side, Portuguese cannons poke out from the citadel walls, and surf slams into the rocks below. As happy as I was to arrive in the city, I thought about how much happier my great-great-great-grandmother must have been. I'd spent the last few hours in a plush Sprinter, my baby in a car seat beside me;

she spent weeks carrying a baby on her back through the desert, subsisting on carob.

We'd gone to Essaouira to celebrate my father's 75th birthday. He had left Morocco in 1956, when he was nine, and had been back only once, when he was 63. In some ways, that trip had depressed him. The old white buildings had looked more or less the same as he'd remembered them, but all of the people who crowded his memories were gone. This visit would be different. At some point while we were planning it, he had told me that Régine and maybe a few other relatives would be joining us. "A few" quickly turned into 20. Régine is one of 13 siblings, 11 of whom are still alive. Improbably, they all get along, which makes for very large gatherings. (Their annual Seder in Israel draws 300 people.)

Walking around the city with my wife and baby, I kept running into relatives who had come to town for the event. They knew every street, every dark, crooked alley. To see the place through their eyes was to see it as it was when they were young. There was the Jewish club that my grandfather established just a few years before the Jews began to leave. And there was my long-dead grandfather in a suit and tie, serving cocktails in glasses he had imported from France for way more than he could afford. And there was Régine, young and radiant, singing in the choir he directed, a backdrop of painted roses hanging behind her. And there was my grandmother, her dark hair swept up into a crown, scolding my grandfather for painting that backdrop on one of their bedsheets. One day, I was wandering through the medina, unsure of where I was, when I passed Bayt Dakira—House of Memory—a new museum and cultural center dedicated to preserving the history of the Jews of Essaouira and promoting Jewish-Muslim relations. Under King Mohammed VI, the country had been making an effort to honor its Jewish heritage, and this building was part of it. Peering into the lobby from the street, I saw a familiar face looking back at me, ghostlike, from a blown-up old photograph hanging on the wall. The man had a squarish white beard and a dark chasia, or skullcap, and his eyes were like my father's—soft and a little sad, with the eyelids drooping at the outer corners. It took me a moment to realize I was looking at my great-grandfather the esteemed Rabbi David Knafo.

The next day, for my father's birthday lunch, we gathered in a mosaic-lined hall donated by one of Régine's friends. There were plates of fish tagine and fried sardines. Little dishes of beets and spicy carrots and harissa. Some of my relatives prayed before the meal. Although I'm not religious, I found myself reflecting, as I often have, on Maklouf's decision to die for his faith. Why did each successive generation persist in telling that story? Did they tell it because they wanted their descendants to be as religious as he was? Because they wanted us to know that our people had been oppressed? Because they were proud that our patriarch had refused to kneel to an oppressor? Or was it a story about a woman's strength and perseverance? If so, why hadn't we recorded her name? And what about the 10 Jewish villagers who had reportedly been rescued by their Muslim neighbors? Why hadn't I ever heard that part of the story before?

My father was sitting in the middle of a long table laden with bottles of wine and mahia, a Moroccan-Jewish fig spirit, laughing with his cousins and sister over something that happened long ago. A few seats away, my daughter sat in my mother's lap, eating bits of eggplant, smiling and babbling. Earlier in the trip, my father had wistfully pointed out that she would remember none of it. I'd told him not to worry—I would tell her the story.

Clockwise from top left:
A highly textured bedroom with traditional Amazigh crafts at Dar al Hossoun; young merchants selling rugs on the streets of Taroudant; a bowl of local oranges at Dar al Hossoun

PHOTOGRAPHS: MATTHIEU SALVAING

traveling morocco's southern coast

TAROUDANT

This city, an hour and a half inland from Agadir, is an evocative gateway to the snow-capped High Atlas mountains. Within its monumental rammed-earth walls, bustling souks teem with healers, musicians, and nomadic rug-sellers. Often seen as a smaller, less touristy Marrakech, the city has strong riads, including the charming four-bedroom **Dar Louisa** *(from $195; darlouisa.com).* Its feted designers, French landscape architects Eric Ossart and Arnaud Maurières, are also behind **Dar al Hossoun** *(from $113; alhossoun.com),* an eco-bolt-hole just outside town beloved for its baked-earth villas and interconnecting gardens .

TAGHAZOUT AND IMSOUANE

The waves pump hardest between Taghazout, half an hour north of Agadir, and Imsouane, an hour farther up. There's a glut of new development at Taghazout Bay, south of the town, where Fairmont has brought Africa's largest spa to **Fairmont Taghazout Bay** *(from $257; fairmont.com).* Things are saltier in the mural-adorned town itself, albeit with smart stays, including the driftwood-chic, labyrinthine **Munga Guesthouse** *(from $132; mungaguesthouse.com)*, a place of coolly tropical vibes from British surf-camp pioneers Surf Maroc. Energy is moving north to slower Imsouane, where the scent of kif hashish drifts across the pastel pink lighthouse by the harbor and longboarders cruise past wooden fishing boats. In-the-know surfers still head for **The O Experience's Tayourt Lodge** *(from $90; osurfclub.com),* with its wood-and-leather minimalism and verandas overlooking the Atlantic.

ESSAOUIRA

It's another few hours' drive from Imsouane to Essaouira, the weathered blue-tone city of fishing skiffs, sleeping cats, clamoring gulls, and Portuguese cannons poking from peeling citadel walls. Stays run the gamut from the **Chill Art Hostel** *(from $22; no web),* a bright backpacker riad, to the more refined **Le Jardin des Douars** *(from $156),* a Casbah-inspired spa hotel in the argan and olive groves overlooking the Oued Ksob, and **L'Heure Bleue Palais** *(from $248; heure-bleue.com),* a classic 18th-century riad next to the Bab Marrakech. TOBY SKINNER

PULLING IT OFF

Artisans of Leisure offers bespoke Moroccan tours from $7,910 per person, including stays at luxury hotels, private guides, and drivers; *artisansofleisure.com*

Defined by its wild weather and treacherous terrain, Chilean Patagonia is brimming with secrets to discover—provided you know where to look

land's end

By Lale Arikoglu

Horses running at Pata Lodge, an eco-conscious hotel and farm near the mountain town of Futaleufú, in Chilean Patagonia

PHOTOGRAPH: JESSICA NOLTE

For the past hour, rain has been pounding relentlessly against my face with a force so aggressive it feels personal. The wind is howling at the pitch of a kettle boiling. Lightning flashes above the Pacific Ocean. The conditions aren't what you'd picture when dreaming of horseback riding on the beach—and yet here I am, sodden through and giddy, trying to get my horse, Palta, to walk farther into the storm.

This is Chilean Patagonia, tempestuous and unpredictable. I am in its northernmost region, where thick forests cluster like cities around glassy lakes and the Andes dissolve into the sea. It's a landscape that leaves me breathless, perhaps most of all for its exquisite emptiness.

The extreme conditions of this little pocket of the Pacific coastline have made it a major adventure destination for decades, despite its being a headache to reach. I'd arrived in Chile seven days prior following a 24-hour journey from my home in Brooklyn that consisted of one Uber ride, three commercial flights, one transfer on a 10-seater propeller plane, and a three-hour drive along winding, unsurfaced roads to the first of my two destinations: Pata Lodge, a small, sustainably minded farm and hotel near the mountain town of Futaleufú.

The pair of invisible hands ushering me there belonged to Plan South America, a specialist travel company run by Harry Hastings that focuses on Latin America and Antarctica. Hastings has spent the best part of 20 years knocking around South America, and his love and respect for the continent are evident in his itineraries: Guides and on-the-ground contacts are hand-selected and local; properties are places that don't automatically populate on your Google map; and the twin pillars of community and conservation inform the route. We started to plan my trip just as Chile reopened to visitors in early 2022—a double-edged sword, given that it became quickly apparent that I wasn't the only person yearning to escape to Patagonia. ("Travel has finally exploded," Hastings enthused to me.) With this in mind, Hastings insisted that I diverge from the most popular parts of Patagonia—Torres del Paine, for example—and set my sights on somewhere like Futaleufú: a virtually inaccessible kayaking and rafting playground that is, he promised, still not even on most Chileans' radars. I needed someone like Hastings and his concierge team—who, in the weeks running up to my departure, weighed in on everything from COVID-19 bureaucracy to packing lists to an agonizing decision between fly-fishing and a boat ride—to help me unearth the truly extraordinary.

Pata Lodge, where I spend my first three nights, is one of those extraordinary places. Run by Brazilian photographer representative Marcelo Schaffer and his partners Henry Ajl, Alan Zekcer, and Markus Bruno, the property lies within a foggy valley in the Chilean Lake District near the Argentine border. To

PHOTOGRAPHS: JESSICA NOLTE, JEREMY KORESKI

From left: Hiking at Pata Lodge; Mari Mari Natural Reserve Experience's light-filled lounge area; the rugged Patagonia coastline

get there from Chaitén, the closest domestic airport, you drive through centuries-old forests buttressed by glacial peaks and crisscross over fjords before reaching the Futaleufú River, which empties into the Yelcho Lake, making it a prime spot for whitewater rafting. The weather-beaten signs along the roadside advertising water sports and kayaks are the only visible evidence of the robust outdoors industry. An hour in, my driver, Efraim, and his wife, Anna, insist we stop at a small café for piping-hot empanadas packed with minced beef and egg. I fish out a handful of pesos to pay, but he waves me away with a grin: "You are my guest here."

I arrive at night with the expectation that I'll just shower and collapse into bed in my cabin, where a wood-fire stove has already been lit in anticipation of my arrival. But Schaffer thrusts a glass of Chilean red into my hand as his two dogs, Poncho and Balu, circle our feet inquisitively. Before I know it, I am seated at dinner with his family, Ajl, and a Brazilian couple enjoying their final evening. We're fed bitter greens from the farm and creamy risotto topped with morel mushrooms picked in the forest earlier that day. It feels like a night spent with old friends. After fumbling my way back to my cabin in the dark—to save energy and allow guests to better see the stars, there is no outdoor lighting—I roll into bed full and happy.

Pata sits on a sprawling piece of land populated by six cabins and a main lodge, as well as congregations of apple trees, a lake where guests can kayak or swim, and a series of gentle trails that knit together within the farm's private forest. Driven by his passion for the land he calls home, Schaffer likes to take guests hiking. One morning we set off straight after breakfast, fueled by black coffee and buttered toast smothered with homemade raspberry jam, so that I can experience one of his favorite trails.

The walk comically encapsulates all of Patagonia's famously temperamental weather: It features sunshine, wind, rain, and sleet before finally settling on a light mist. Schaffer, who is in his 40s and clad in a worn-in Patagonia fleece and a faded Radiohead T-shirt, points out constellations of seasonal mushrooms popping out of the ground—some which may be picked, others avoided—and identifies the birds darting among the trees. He tells me about his decision to leave São Paulo in search of a slower, more meaningful life here—one that involves living off the land, disconnecting from technology, and building a deeper understanding of the natural environment. "Everything is connected and must be cared for," he says. He also shares his love of astronomy, Eddie Vedder, and Japanese culture, and speaks passionately about the activities he and his co-owners have set up at Pata in collaboration with local vendors, including beekeeping, yoga, fly-fishing, and an annual outdoor film festival. His pockets, I notice, are filled with trash, the by-product of his almost obsessive need to look after this land.

Then the trees part, revealing the Futaleufú river. It contains some of the cleanest water in the world and also some of the bluest. We stop to skip stones, much like I used to do with my grandparents in the mountains of Wales—a place with a surprisingly deep connection to Patagonia due to numerous Welsh immigrants

Dinner and stargazing down by the river at Pata Lodge, where electricity usage is restricted after nightfall who relocated to the region in the late 19th century. It's late April—fall in Chile, the end of the high season—and already the trees are turning magnificent shades of gold, apricot, and crimson. Looking up, I notice the first snowfall dusting the Andes. The air is so fresh I want to bottle it.

Hastings insists I go farther west to the coast—300 miles away from my current location—in time for lunch, and so I leave Pata when there's still dew on the ground. He's arranged for me to be picked up by helicopter back in Puerto Montt, the closest city, and flown to Mari Mari Natural Reserve Experience, a lush private eco-reserve along 13 miles of Pacific shore. The coastline here is a contrast from Argentine Patagonia thanks to the way the Andes meet the ocean to form archipelagos just offshore. Anthony Bourdain once visited, yet Mari Mari remains miraculously word-of-mouth. Hastings, it seems, has let me in on a secret.

Arriving anywhere by helicopter feels pretty unreal, but this experience is like something ripped from *Jurassic Park*. My pilot, Rodrigo Noriega, swoops low alongside mossy cliff tops before swerving outward over the choppy water to give me a better view of the jagged islands where penguins and sea lions like to group together. The sky is a swirling gray, the frothing ocean the color of steel. Before being hired by Mari Mari, Noriega worked as a pilot for Douglas Tompkins—the late American outdoorsman, North Face founder, and conservationist who helped create many of Argentina's and Chile's national parks—so he is intimately familiar with this landscape, but the novelty of the landing still hasn't worn off. How could it? As we descend toward the beach, it's like arriving at the edge of the world.

Mari Mari's 9,000 acres of forest contain a rich ecosystem of wildlife. Guests are regularly taken bird-watching and out to sea to catch sight of penguin colonies and schools of dolphins, as well as blue and humpback whales following their migratory lane, which passes through this sliver of the Pacific. Saltwater fishing and surf fishing are also options. The weather, however, is inhospitable, making it impossible to safely do anything involving the ocean. But I have learned by now that the key to experiencing Patagonia at its fullest is to adapt to it, and so I join my guide, Cristina Riquelme, and set off on a blustery hike instead—the first of several unforgettable walks we will take together.

There is something about this part of Chile that hooks people and won't let them go. Like Schaffer, Riquelme, 40, left her job (she was a graphic designer in Santiago) for a change of pace that turned permanent. As we snake our way through the forest, she educates me about the native flora and fauna, enlisting me to help her identify tree types, and spooks me with stories of witchcraft on the nearby archipelago of Chiloé. She pauses near an assortment of fungi: a red-and-white-speckled toadstool called *Amanita muscaria* (fly amanita); the small, domed *Mycena haematopus* (bleeding fairy helmet); and the voluminous *Ganoderma australe* (southern bracket), which resembles a slumping tiramisu at the end of a dinner party. We stop to listen to an owl hooting over the patter of the rain, and later we're forced to wade through a river that has jumped its banks, the cold, muddy water reaching above our knees as we hold hands so neither of us slips. I expect the reward at the end to be the steam room back at the main lodge, but it turns out to be something simpler: the sight of a solitary otter diving for its dinner near the beach.

By the time I persuade Cristina and Marco Ríos, Mari Mari's veterinarian and stable manager, to take me horseback riding on my final morning, the late-autumn weather has become almost storybook in its drama. We saddle up our horses at the stables, wind screeching, and I get to know Palta (meaning "avocado" in Chilean Spanish), the relatively young Chilean Criollo horse whom Ríos has matched with me. I run my hand across his side and can feel that he has already started growing his thick winter coat in preparation for the frigid months ahead.

Setting off up the trail, I feel overly confident in my horse-riding skills, assuming that the childhood lessons I took in the English countryside are enough for me to steer Palta along the cliffs and down onto the beach. But this, of course, is not southern England, and I quickly realize that no amount of whooping or nudging or, admittedly, pleading with this horse will persuade him to move. Thankfully, Ríos has a horse-whisperer quality (which also helps calm humans). Slowly but surely, we inch our way down the steep trail until horses' hooves are kicking up sand. I'm soaked through and breathless after zigzagging across the deep streams splicing through the sand dunes, but Ríos talks me out of booking it back to the stables. Instead, we turn to face the raging ocean. Far off in the distance, a ray of sunlight breaks through the clouds. 🅣

PHOTOGRAPH: JESSICA NOLTE

how this trip was made

I'd never visited Patagonia (or Chile, for that matter), so Plan South America founder Harry Hastings sought to craft an itinerary that showed me the breadth of the region's northern reaches, with its wild, boundless terrain, without trying to cram too much into my schedule. I was traveling solo, which could have easily felt daunting, given the destination, but his team was always on hand; they set up a Whatsapp group before my departure date to offer tips and advice and regularly checked in throughout the trip.
They even reminded me to book a massage at Mari Mari after a particularly long, soggy hike. The support was constant yet never overbearing, letting me enjoy the wilderness and embrace being 6,000 miles away from home.

Harry Hastings and his team at Plan South America can arrange seven-day bespoke tours from $5,250; plansouthamerica.com. For more Iconic Itineraries, in which Condé Nast Traveler *editors partner with top travel specialists on trips to our favorite destinations, see cntraveler.com/iconic-itineraries.*

A Traveler's Tale

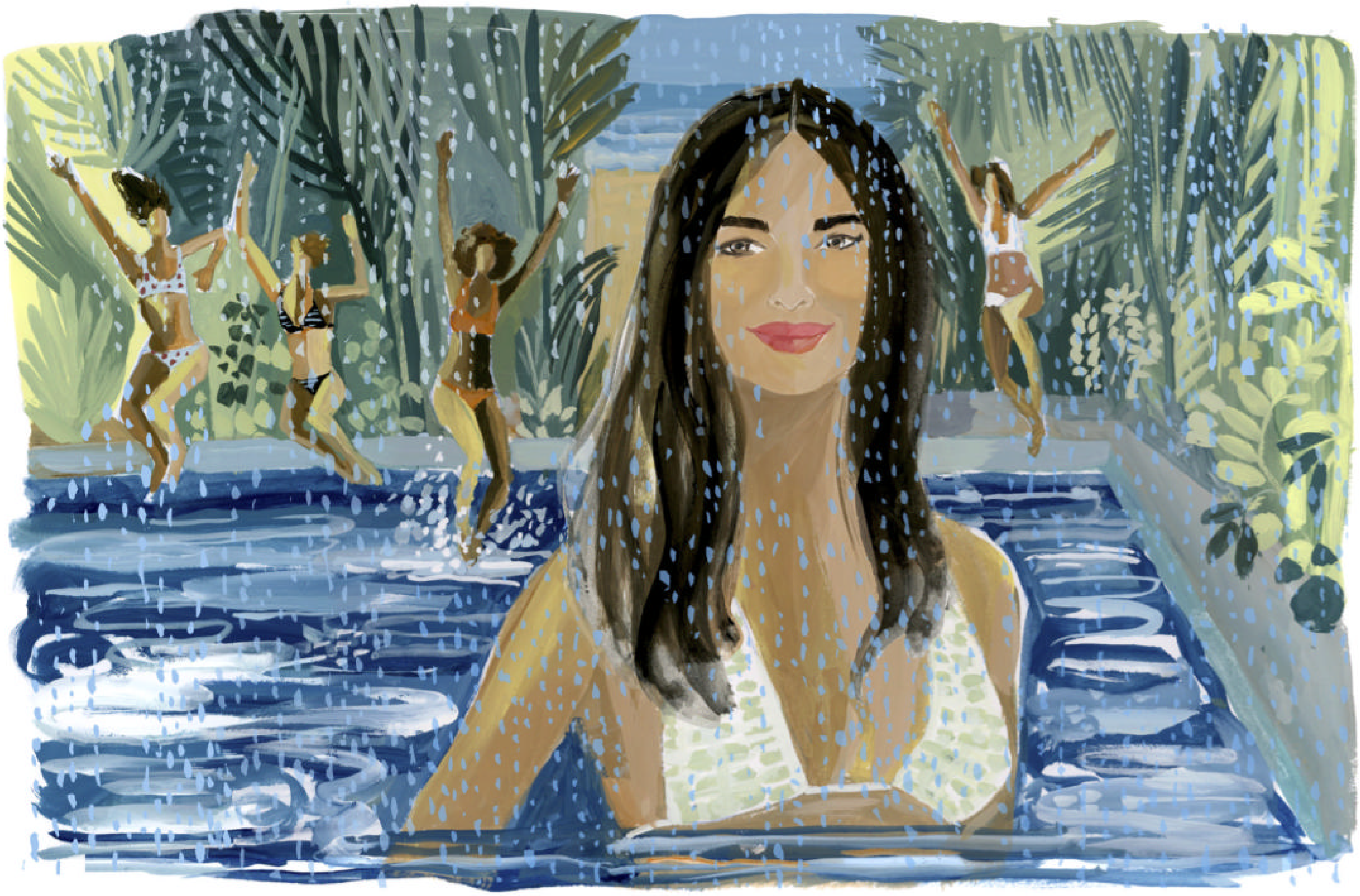

ILLUSTRATION BY GAYLE KABAKER

Actor **PRIYANKA CHOPRA JONAS** on **MUSTIQUE**

"I first went to Mustique, a small island in the Caribbean, with my husband on our honeymoon four years ago, and we've been back a few times since. I'm an island girl; I love walking around with nothing between my feet and the sand, and feeling like I'm one with the water and the earth. And that's what Mustique felt like to me as soon as we landed. It is also a private island—there's no paparazzi culture—so you feel completely protected and free. We always rent the same house on our trips there. It's built on an ascent overlooking the ocean, and you can hear the sound of waves in every room. There's a little elevator, an open cart with seats, that takes you straight down to the beach. The last time I went was just before COVID-19 hit. My husband had organized a writing camp with his brothers and producers, and I went along with their spouses, who are close friends of mine. One day, we spouses were driving around the island in our golf carts, and the skies burst right open. We stopped our buggies and just basked in the glory of nature. I love the rain, especially when it's warm. Island rain reminds me of my favorite stormy days in Mumbai. For those of us who have the privilege of living in a home with a roof over our heads, Mumbai's monsoons can be beautiful and seductive and romantic. You know that the sun's going to come back out and the air is just the right kind of sticky, so it gives you this dewy, beautiful face. When we returned home, we decided to stay wet and jumped in the pool for a swim. Later, we likely got pizza at Firefly, or cocktails or a glass of wine at The Cotton House, and ended the night with karaoke—I love singing anything by Mariah or Whitney—and a little nightcap of coconut water on the beach. Having days like this with the people I'm close to is what vacation is all about. And to have had this trip just before the world shifted was really magical. Eventually, life is about making memories, right? I like to keep my memory box really full." AS TOLD TO ARATI MENON

PRIYANKA CHOPRA JONAS STARS IN *LOVE AGAIN,* HITTING THEATERS THIS SPRING.

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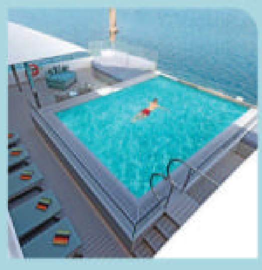

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